



# CANADIAN HEART SONGS

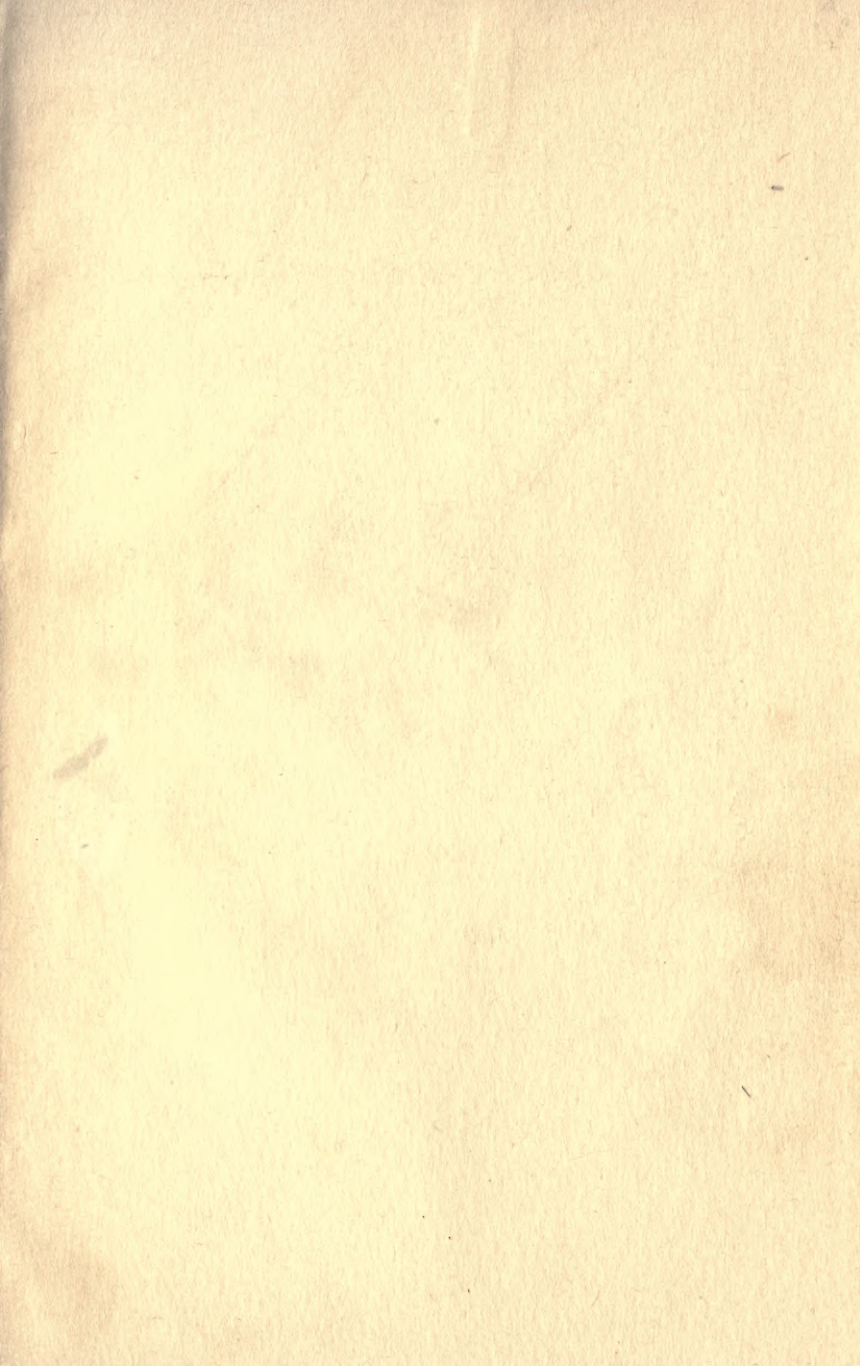
CHARLES WESLEY McCROSSAN

1914

—

Bessie Hayden.

Calgary, Alta.







**Canadian Heart Songs**









Know the water-color painting on "Peach Blossom" English landscape artist.  
By courtesy of the artist. All rights reserved.  
A STEEL IN BRAMBER, ENGLAND, AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL ON WHICH

# CANADIAN HEART SONGS

BY

CHARLES WESLEY McCROSSAN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

WILLIAM BRIGGS

29-37 Richmond Street West  
TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

1912



A STREET IN BRAMBER, ENGLAND, AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL ON WHICH  
ARE THE RUINS OF BRAMBER CASTLE.

*From the water-color painting by Percy Lisie, English landscape artist.  
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# **CANADIAN HEART SONGS**

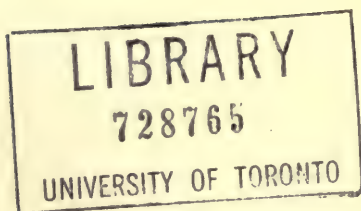
**BY**  
**CHARLES WESLEY McCROSSAN**

**WITH ILLUSTRATIONS**

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29-37 Richmond Street West  
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**1912**

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CHARLES WESLEY McCROSSAN





IN THIS  
THEIR  
GOLDEN WEDDING YEAR  
I LOVINGLY DEDICATE  
THIS BOOK  
TO  
MY BELOVED  
FATHER AND MOTHER  
WHOSE  
NOBLE CHRISTIAN CHARACTERS  
HAVE BEEN  
PERPETUAL SOURCES OF HOLIEST  
INSPIRATIONS  
TO  
THEIR CHILDREN



“GOD SAVE THE KING.”

*God save our Empire King!*

*We his Dominions sing;*

*God save our King!*

*Ever united we,*

*With England o'er the sea,*

*For his supremacy,*

*God save our King!*





## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
The Canadian Rockies - - - - -	17
Canada, Our Native Land - - - - -	24
O Canada, Fair Canada - - - - -	30
England - - - - -	41
British Naval Supremacy - - - - -	60
The Blizzard - - - - -	65
A Plea for Mothers - - - - -	68
Lacrosse in the Old Days at Winnipeg - - - - -	77
Soul Mates - - - - -	80
The Coronation of Jesus Christ - - - - -	90
Answer to Rudyard Kipling's "Female of the Species" - - - - -	121
To James Whitcomb Riley - - - - -	125
Musings of a Scallawag Editor - - - - -	126
Don't - - - - -	128
Marriage Reflections - - - - -	134
Mother's Care for Baby - - - - -	135
Trouble Knockers (a squib) - - - - -	135
He'd Never Purchased Mining Stock Before - - - - -	136

## CONTENTS.

### HEART SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

	PAGE
Experience - - - - -	145
Assurance - - - - -	146
Christ, Our Substitute - - - - -	149
In Christ - - - - -	150
Sunday Night Prayer for God's Minister - - -	151
Ministry of Suffering - - - - -	152
A Servant of the Lord's Blessing - - - - -	153
Consecration - - - - -	154
My Bible - - - - -	155
Faith Better than Feeling - - - - -	156
I Need Thy Grace - - - - -	156
Jesus Knows All, Brother - - - - -	157
The Sympathy of Christ - - - - -	158
Redemption through His Blood - - - - -	158
The Believer's Comfort - - - - -	159
The Believer's Confidence - - - - -	160
The Believer's Hope - - - - -	161
The Believer's Morning Prayer - - - - -	161
The Believer's Evening Prayer - - - - -	162
The Believer's Eternal Home - - - - -	163

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

	PAGE
A Street in Bramber, England - - <i>Frontispiece</i>	
Reproduction of water-color painting by Percy Lisle.	
Lake Louise and Victoria Glacier, Alberta, Canada -	16
Paradise Valley, Alberta, Canada, with Mount Temple in the background - - - - -	19
Lake Louise, Alberta, and Mount Lefroy, British Col- umbia, Canada - - - - -	22
Tunnel Mountain, Banff, Alberta, Canada - - -	25
Mount Fairview, Alberta, Canada - - - - -	28
The Drive, near Banff, Alberta, Canada - - - -	31
No. 10 Downing St., London, England, residence of the Prime Minister - - - - -	34
Oxford Circus, London, England - - - - -	37
The Headland, Newquay, Cornwall, England - - -	40
Reproduction of water-color painting by the author.	
Exeter Cathedral, Exeter, England - - - - -	43
Ocean Front, Brighton, England - - - - -	46
Interior St. Bartholomew's, Brighton, England - -	49

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
The Gardens, Newquay, Cornwall, England - -	52
Front view Hampton Court Palace, Hampton Court, England - - - - -	55
Rear View Hampton Court Palace - - - -	58
The Gardens, Bournemouth, England - - - -	64
Former residences of Sir Robert Peel and Disraeli, Whitehall Gardens, London, England - - - -	69
Hyde Park Corner, London, England - - - -	72
Entrance to New Forest, England - - - - -	76
Arundel Castle, Arundel, England - - - - -	83
Home of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.	
Entrance to Inner Grounds, Arundel Castle - - -	86
Entrance to Quadrangle, Arundel Castle - - -	117
The Keep, from the Quadrangle, Arundel Castle - -	120
The former Tilting Grounds, Arundel Castle - -	124
The Library, Arundel Castle - - - - -	129
The Banqueting Hall, Arundel Castle - - - -	132
The Bishop's Rock, Newquay, Cornwall - - - -	137
Bevis Tower, Arundel Castle - - - - -	140







LAKE LOUISE AND VICTORIA GLACIER, ALBERTA, CANADA.

*Picture by Leonard Andrews, C.E., E.E., London, England.*

“ The shimmering diamond loveliness of Emerald and Louise,  
Their faces perfect speculums of mountains, glaciers, trees,  
With Arrow Lake, pellucid, deep, abundantly combine  
The beauties of all Switzerland, or thousand rivers Rhine.”

# Canadian Heart Songs.

---

## THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

CANADIAN ! Canadian ! when wilt thou know thine own !  
That mighty, awe-inspiring mass, so silent and alone ;  
That fortress with a million towers, covered with earth  
and sod ;  
Reaching on high to the very sky, huge footstools for  
their God.

Gigantic mountains mirrored in the clear-as-crystal  
lakes ;  
Wild antlered herds, a-browsing tender grass-shoots  
midst the brakes ;  
Lone cowardly wolves a-howling for the others of their  
packs,  
As grizzly bears, disdainful, calmly climb their beaten  
tracks.

Mounts Stephen, Lefroy, Wapta, Ross, and full ten  
thousand more,  
Proud monarchs of thy native land, high toward the  
heavens soar :

## THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

Majestic peaks, all snow-capped, towering o'er the scud-  
ding clouds;  
While mists rest on the valleys deep, like veils or drap-  
ing shrouds.

The narrow trails go winding up the canyons, wild and  
grand.  
The fir trees, proud and stately, in their solemn beauty  
stand.  
Springs from the melting glaciers gush forth, and cas-  
cades roar,  
As the waters roll, like a poor lost soul, downward for  
evermore.

Twelve hundred feet the Takakkaw leaps down the  
mountain side.  
Ten thousand feet Sir Donald lifts his snow-crowned  
head in pride.  
The ice-fields of the Waputekh reflect the dazzling light.  
The Yoho, nigh, hears the Twin Fall's cry, unceasing  
day and night.

The shimmering diamond loveliness of Emerald and  
Louise,  
Their faces perfect speculums of mountains, glaciers,  
trees,  
With Arrow Lake, pellucid, deep, abundantly combine  
The beauties of all Switzerland or thousand rivers  
Rhine.



PARADISE VALLEY, ALBERTA, CANADA, WITH MOUNT  
TEMPLE IN THE BACKGROUND.

*Picture by Leonard Andrews.*

"Majestic peaks, all snow-capped, towering o'er the scudding clouds."









LAKE LOUISE AND MOUNT LEFROY.

*Picture by Leonard Andrews.*

"Gigantic mountains, mirrored in the clear-as-crystal lakes."

Page 17.

## THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

Thousands of unnamed mountain-tops, majestic and  
sublime,  
Stand now as through the ages and defy the works of  
time;  
In wondrous silent grandeur they make known their  
Maker's might,  
And point to Him whose mercy is the source of His  
delight.

Dream not of Alps or Pyrenées, of Como or Lucerne;  
Go gaze upon the Rockies, grander beauties to discern;  
And in thy gazing think thou of the One who placed  
them there;  
Of Him who holds our nation's life within His tender  
care.

The Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Ever-Mighty God;  
Who, manifest in Jesus Christ, man's sin-cursed road  
hath trod;  
The Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace,  
divine,  
The God who made the mountains, the Eternal God, is  
thine.

## CANADA, OUR NATIVE LAND.

(These words are adapted to the music of "O Canada!" the French-Canadian National Anthem, by C. Lavallée.)

O CANADA! our native land thou art!  
We sing of thee, and gladness fills our heart.  
Thou art a child of Britain's throne, an Empire vast  
and free.  
We'll fight for King, and native land, and glorious  
liberty!

God bless our land!

God save our King!

Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.  
Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.

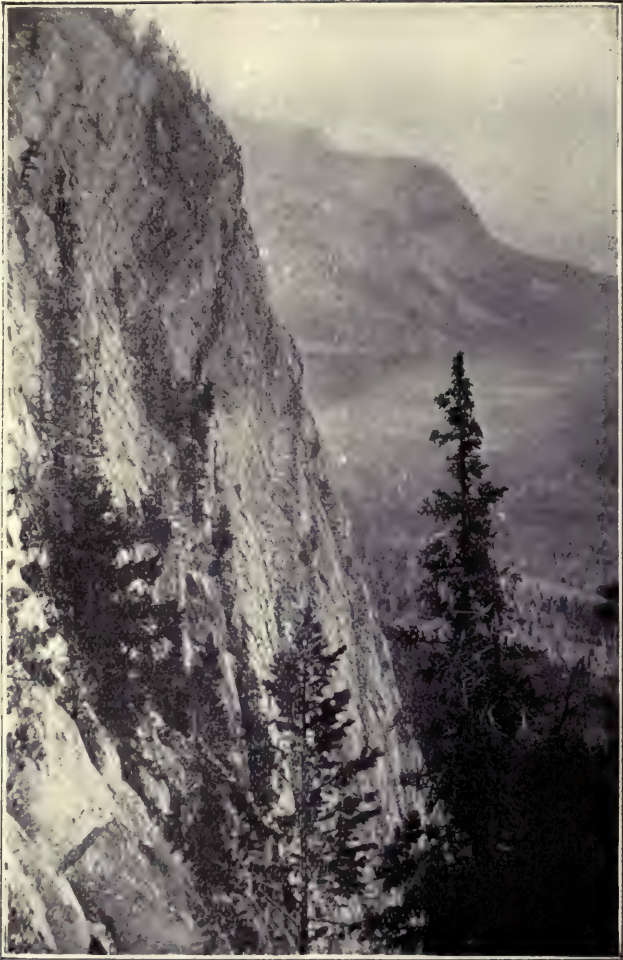
O Canada! we love thy mountains high;  
Thy fields so vast, that reach from sky to sky;  
Thy beauteous lakes and waterfalls; thy wondrous maj-  
esty!

We'll fight for our inheritance, and glorious liberty!

God bless our land!

God save our King!

Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.  
Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.



TUNNEL MOUNTAIN, BANFF, ALBERTA, CANADA.

*Picture by Leonard Andrews.*

"O Canada! we love thy mountains high."

Page 24.









**MOUNT FAIRVIEW, ALBERTA, CANADA.**

*Picture by Leonard Andrews.*

**"In wondrous silent grandeur they make known their Maker's might."**

**Page 23.**

## CANADA, OUR NATIVE LAND!

Lo! to the work of Empire bend thy power,  
Thy latent forces, wondrous, vast, supreme!  
Stand staunch for Britain's great régime! An Empire  
proud are we!

Proud of our King, our country's flag, and glorious  
liberty!

God bless our land!

God save our King!

Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.

Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.

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## O CANADA, FAIR CANADA!\*

O CANADA, fair Canada!  
With endless fields of waving grain;  
With gold that mining cannot drain;  
With mighty forests unexplored;  
With wealth of empires in thee stored:  
Thou glorious nation now full grown,  
What wondrous future is thine own!

O Canada, fair Canada!  
Shall not thine Empire look on thee  
As one who's reached maturity?  
Wilt thou not, as a child full grown,  
Fight side by side with Britain's throne,  
Flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone,  
By land and sea, with force thine own?

O Canada, fair Canada!  
As servile Jew to Cæsar bold,  
Wilt thou pay tribute of thy gold?  
Or wilt thou rise in virile power  
And help thy King in danger's hour?  
Thou giant, still with strength unknown,  
Wouldst have no armament thine own?

\* First published in 1910, in the *Saturday Sunset*, Vancouver, B.C., under *nom de plume*.



THE DRIVE, NEAR BANFF, ALBERTA, CANADA.

*Picture by Vera Manson.*

"The fir trees, proud and stately, in their solemn beauty stand."

Page 18.









**NO. 10 DOWNING STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND, THE  
HOME OF MR. ASQUITH, THE PRIME MINISTER.**

Next door to the left, the home of the Rt. Hon. Lloyd George,  
Chancellor of the Exchequer; and next door again  
to the left, the former residence of the  
Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, where  
Viscount Gladstone was born.

*Picture by the Author.*

"Can loyal men, equipped, complete,  
Be only found in Downing Street?"

O CANADA, FAIR CANADA!

O Canada, fair Canada!

Thy duty calls; permit no stain!  
Have thy brave fathers died in vain  
And bred but weaklings fit for shame,  
Who care not for their Empire's name?  
No vassal thou, but child full grown!  
Fulfil the destiny, thine own!

O Canada, fair Canada!

Hast thou no nation's life nor pride?  
No dream in Empire swaying wide?  
No part in scheme or plan of God,  
To heathen rule, with iron rod?  
Thou child of Britain, now full grown,  
'Tis time thou hadst a power, thine own!

O Canada, fair Canada!

What is thy standing in the world?  
Where has thy banner been unfurled?  
What prestige has thy country's name  
Except as linked to Britain's fame?  
Unweaned Colonial, overgrown?  
Dost thou not want some fame, thine own?

O Canada, fair Canada!

Hast thou no native sons to guide  
Thy ship of state o'er oceans wide?  
Can loyal men, equipped, complete,  
Be only found in Downing Street?

O CANADA, FAIR CANADA !

No puppet thou, but child full grown !  
Exert thou, then, a will, thine own !

. . . . .  
Lo ! to the work of Empire bend  
Thy latent forces, vast, supreme !  
Stand staunch for Britain's great régime !  
Quit ye all cavil ! take thy place,  
Co-partner in the Imperial race !  
Then Britain shall be greater still,  
As Greater Britain shows her will,  
The Royal Standard to unfold,  
In self-reliance, calm and bold.

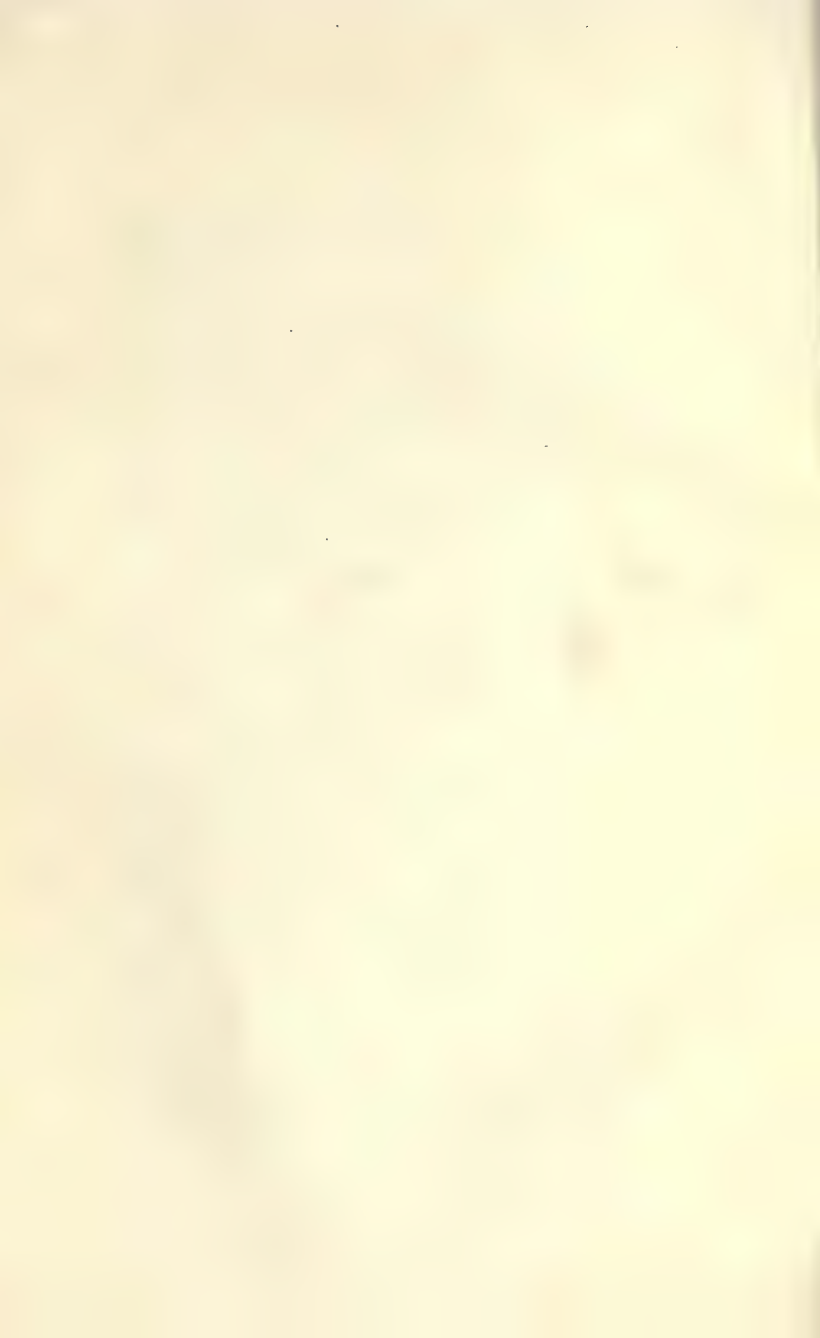


OXFORD CIRCUS, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.

*Picture by the Author.*

"Go see the streets of London, with the teeming millions there,"

Page 51.









## ENGLAND.\*

I'd sing of dear old England, as the poet sang of yore;

I'd fill her full of sunshine, while I tarried on her shore;

I'd gladly sound her praises and exalt her to the skies;

She's worthy, for she stands for truth before the whole world's eyes.

I've travelled through her island home, north, south, and east, and west;

I've lived amongst her people, and have tried to see her best.

I've met her sons and daughters, both the humble and the grand;

I've admired her rural beauty everywhere throughout the land.

I've drunk the golden sunset, from the rugged Cornwall shore;

I've tarried midst the ruins, which the people still adore.

\* The author spent two years in England.



THE HEADLAND, NEWQUAY, CORNWALL, ENGLAND.

*From the water-color painting by the Author. All rights reserved.*

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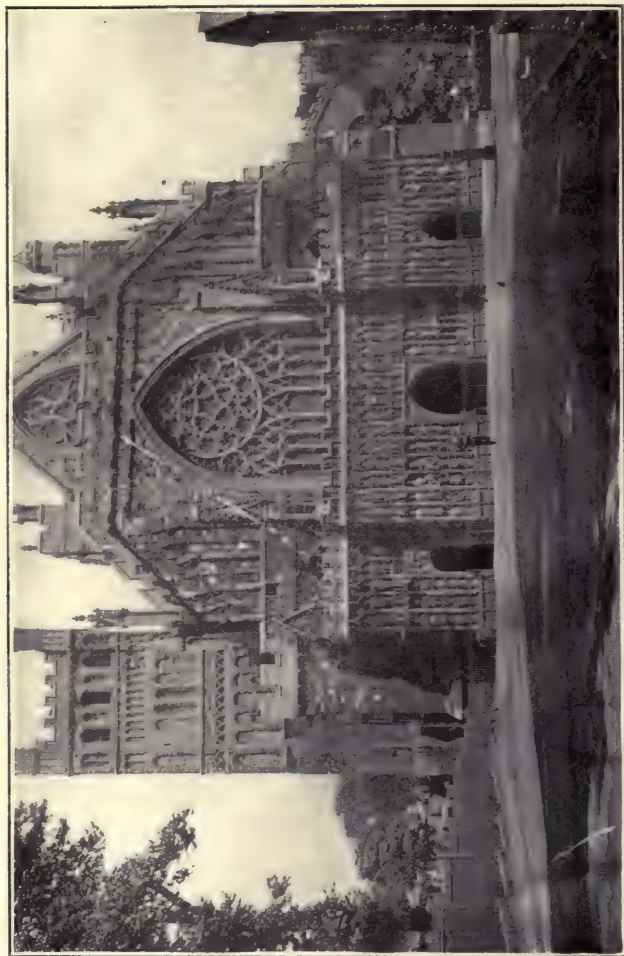
## ENGLAND.

I've climbed the hills of Devon; watched the tides rush  
up the Wye;  
Have seen the shipping centres which the nation's  
needs supply.

I've looked in love and wonder; had my boyhood dreams  
fulfilled.  
I've driven on the splendid roads the Romans used to  
build.  
I've walked in sadness o'er the grounds where ancient  
blood was shed;  
Where Ironsides fought with Royalists; White Roses  
slaughtered Red.

I've wandered through her palaces, where dwelt the  
kings of old.  
I've stood upon her tilting-grounds, oft thronged when  
knights were bold.  
I've shuddered in the dungeons of the gruesome London  
Tower  
Where suffered many noble souls oppressed by tyrants'  
power.

I've seen her towns and cities, with unnumbered chim-  
ney-pots.  
I've seen her hosts of terraces, jammed forward on the  
lots;

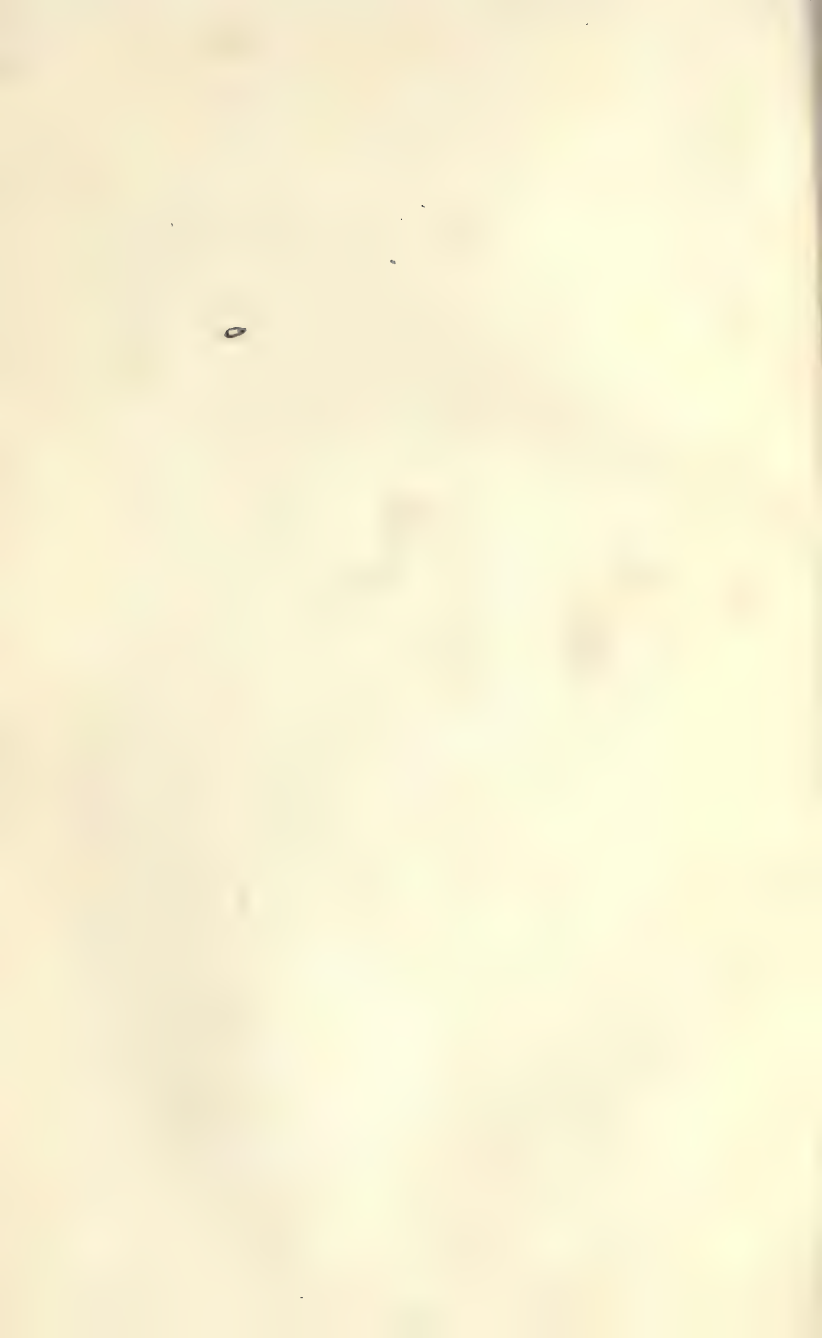


EXETER CATHEDRAL, EXETER, ENGLAND.

*Picture by the Author.*

"I've seen her great cathedrals, which majestically tower."









MADEIRA ROAD, OCEAN FRONT, BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.

*Picture by the Author.*

## ENGLAND.

I've seen her sheep and cattle grazing on a thousand  
hills;

I've heard her thrush and blackbird sound their sweet,  
melodious trills.

I've seen her glorious hawthorns in the splendor of  
their bloom;

I've seen her ancient abbeys, with their relics and  
their gloom.

I've seen her great museums and her galleries of  
art

Filled full of priceless treasures, for the world has  
been her mart.

I've listened to the singing of her larks and nightin-  
gales.

I've roamed about her forests, o'er her hills and through  
her dales.

I've seen her parks delightful, and the mansions of her  
pride;

Have gazed upon the splendor of her coast in dashing  
tide.

I've seen nine score of warships proudly steaming from  
Penzance,

Their mighty power apparent even at a single glance.

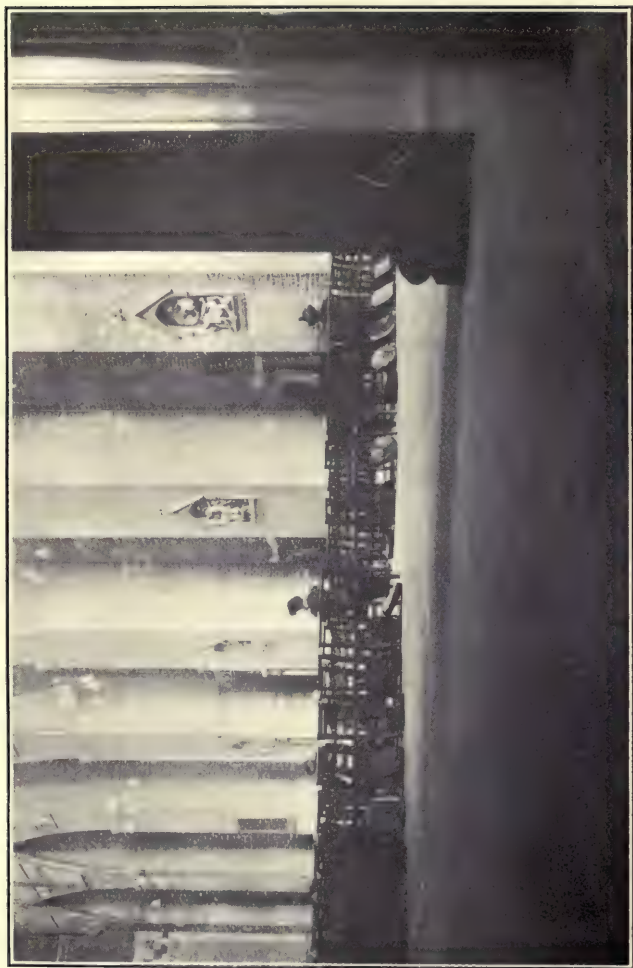
## ENGLAND.

I've stood in great solemnity with bowed, uncovered  
head,  
Beside the tombs and monuments of her illustrious  
dead.

I've seen her great cathedrals, which majestically  
tower.  
I've heard "Big Ben" impressively chime out each pass-  
ing hour.  
I've seen the streets of London with the teeming millions  
there;  
And many thousands comfortless, their faces lined with  
care.

I've seen the Thames embankments, like a giant  
steamer's decks,  
Thronged in the hours past midnight with a mass of  
human wrecks;  
I've seen them ragged, hungry, wretched, hopeless, sick  
and sore—  
And yet when work is offered, they refuse it by the  
score.

So sunken are they by their sin, their wretchedness and  
drink,  
Their souls seem seared and calloused, as though they  
never think



INTERIOR OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S ENGLISH CHURCH, BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.

*Picture by the Author.*









THE GARDENS, NEWQUAY, CORNWALL, ENGLAND.

*Picture by the Author.*

"I've listened to the singing of her larks and nightingales."

## ENGLAND.

Of God, or death, or judgment, or of life beyond the  
grave;  
Or of the Christ of Calvary, who died lost souls to  
save.

No longer doubt I Dickens, or the pictures which he  
drew  
Of saddened life of childhood, which himself and others  
knew;  
In all large towns wan kiddies, pinched, ill fed, and  
poorly clad,  
Look up and seem to chide one for their lot which is  
so sad.

I've studied England as she is; have seen her with  
my eyes;  
Had glimpses of her poverty—a terrible surprise!  
I've seen her working millions, paid but scarce a living  
wage;  
Seen greed and pride and hunger filling men with hate  
and rage.

'Tis not the German Emperor that England needs to  
fear;  
But foes within like caste, and greed, and poverty, and  
beer.

## ENGLAND.

These caused the revolution that once soaked poor  
France in blood.

They're rampant now in England, like a surging, seething  
flood.

The crowds that cheered King Louis cheered the guillotine  
as well.

The bells which ring in gladness can be made a dirge to  
swell.

The hands which build a building can more quickly  
tear it down.

Water, which quenches thirst for man, can also surely  
drown.

King George the Fifth, the thorough, reigns upon  
earth's mightiest throne:

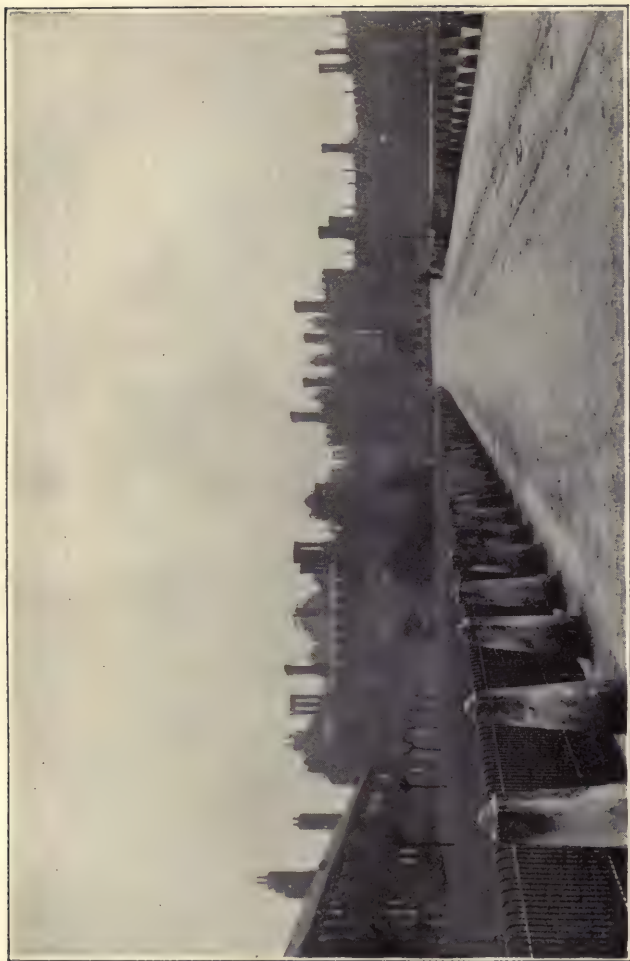
England, with her Dominions, greatest Empire ever  
known.

But let her for her greatness thank the wondrous grace  
of God,

And by no lack of rectitude invite the heavenly rod.

In wealth of forests, mines, and lands, fair England  
can't compare

With our most wondrous Canada, with plenty and to  
spare.



FRONT VIEW HAMPTON COURT PALACE, HAMPTON COURT, ENGLAND.

*Picture by the Author.*

"I've wandered through her palaces, where dwelt the kings of old."









REAR VIEW HAMPTON COURT PALACE, HAMPTON COURT, ENGLAND.

*Picture by the Author.*

## ENGLAND.

Know, England, that thy giant son is now to manhood  
grown;

With strength of Empires in him stored, much greater  
than thine own.

Know too, thou faithful Mother, that thy son's great  
strength is thine!

And if the day shall ever come through Providence  
divine

That thou shalt need the strong right arm which  
Canada can wield—

That arm will twine about thee, as a buckler and a  
shield.

## BRITISH NAVAL SUPREMACY

In all the British Empire,  
Lives there a native son  
Whose senile, calloused heart stirs not  
At sound of naval gun?  
There lives no man in Canada,  
Of British parents bred,  
Who would not sooner shed his blood  
Than see the Empire dead.

The Mother of our Empire,  
Of whom we love to sing,  
Has given us our nation's life,  
And given us our King;  
Protected us and helped us  
As children loved—not slaves.  
With grateful, swelling hearts we sing,  
“Britannia rule the waves!”

Is not the British Empire  
A body with a soul,  
Made up of hands, feet, head and heart,  
Joined in a living whole?

## BRITISH NAVAL SUPREMACY

“I am not of the body,”  
Shall hands say to the heart,  
Because they are not of the head,  
Or form no vital part?

The head and heart of Empire  
Must have the hands and feet;  
And hands and feet need head and heart  
Ere they can be complete.  
The humble parts of Empire  
Our God has greatly blessed,  
And honor on us may bestow,  
Far greater than the rest.

If enemies should conquer  
Fair England—Britain's heart—  
They'd also conquer hands and feet  
And every other part.  
For Canada, our home-land,  
What fate would be in store?  
An alien king would land his troops  
By thousands on our shore.

The soul of British Empire,  
Which thrills each separate part,  
Is love for God, for King, and throne,  
And loyalty of heart.

## BRITISH NAVAL SUPREMACY

The life of British Empire  
(So clear that all must see)  
Depends on one thing, save on God—  
Naval supremacy.

No more should England, Mother,  
Be forced to bear alone  
The awful burdens she has borne,  
Now that her son's full-grown.  
Through days of infancy and youth  
We've had our Mother's care;  
'Tis time we helped abundantly!  
'Tis only right and fair.

Millions, and unstinted,  
For naval force complete,  
Should be the gift of Canada  
Laid at the Empire's feet.  
There lives no man in Canada,  
Of British parents bred,  
Who would not sooner shed his blood  
Than see the Empire dead.





THE GARDENS, BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND.

*Picture by the Author.*



## THE BLIZZARD.

I SING not of spring-time—of birds flying north,  
Anemones, violets, trees budding forth;  
Nor sing I of summer, its birds, or its flowers;  
Their songs and their fragrance enchanting the hours:  
Nor yet of the autumn, with harvest fields white,  
When hum of the binder encroaches the night:  
But sing I of winter—snow everywhere spread,  
All plant life a-sleeping, when nature seems dead:  
Of winter, not calm, but in throes of a storm,  
When the Prince of the power of the air takes the form  
Of the Blizzard, that monster more dreaded and feared  
Than anything else that has ever appeared  
To vanquish the hope and to threaten the life  
Of the men who so nobly have entered the strife  
To conquer and tame the Canadian plains  
By courage, and patience, and hard work, and brains.  
Sometimes they must needs face the dread hail and  
drought;  
Though never the cyclone which curses the south:  
But always and ever, through winter months drear,  
The form of the Blizzard is lingering near.

Unwise is the man who his warning doth scorn.  
By noontide he rages, though fair be the morn.

## THE BLIZZARD.

The fear-stricken beasts seek the dwellings of man,  
Begging for shelter wherever they can;  
With many a whinny, a whine, and a low,  
They endeavor to make him their presence to know.

It's thirty below, yet his cruel winds blow,  
A-twisting and hurling the fast-driven snow.  
A demon he is, with a huge giant's might,  
And murdering men is his fiendish delight.  
Pity and love he can never have known;  
Hatred most bitter he ever has shown.  
Eager to fight the defenceless and weak;  
Swift, without mercy, his vengeance to wreak.  
As torrents o'er-flooded with force break the dam:  
As hard driven ice-floes burst outward a jam:  
As tidal waves swell to engulf all before:  
As fierce fires in forests leap forth with a roar:  
So sweeps the cruel Blizzard, swift over the plain,  
While darkness, despair, and death follow his train.

The snow which has covered the earth like a wrap,  
And lain down so gently to take a quiet nap,  
Whose flakes of the whiteness of purity tell,  
Is caught from the earth for his vile purpose fell,  
By the storm fiend incarnate and agent of hell,  
And hurled like a bullet shot out of its shell.

Enemy always of each living thing,  
Never a blessing but curse does he bring;

## THE BLIZZARD.

Blinding, and blighting, and rushing along,  
Death to all life is the theme of his song.  
Driving the winds like wild horses with reins:  
Chilling the marrow and blood in the veins:  
Snapping his teeth in the bitterest ire:  
Smarting mankind with his touch, as with fire:  
Enemy he of the birds and the beasts,  
Killing them all for his gluttonous feasts.

Robbed of all light in the midst of the day,  
Many are caught from their homes far away.  
Bravely they struggle though chilled to the bone;  
Blinded and lost, they press forward alone.  
With nothing to guide them they circle about,  
Though familiar the way and oft trodden the route.  
At last, in despair, they sink down with a groan.  
The fiend of the air mocks their cry with a moan.

When numbed are their senses he bids them to rest;  
Most falsely he woos them to sleep on his breast.  
His cupid dart is but a poisonous spear,  
His most winning smile is the vile serpent's leer,  
His wide-opened arms are the vices of fate,  
His whispers of love are the lurings of hate;  
With subtle persistence he kisses the face;  
The cold clutch of death is his loving embrace.

## A PLEA FOR MOTHERS.

### TO THE PROSPEROUS SONS OF THE NORTH

WHEN comes the northland winter, and the lakes and  
rivers freeze,  
Just conjure up Los Angeles, its sunshine, fragrant  
breeze;  
When the snows are drifting, piling, through the long  
unbroken hours,  
Recall its sweet attractiveness, its warmth, its beauty,  
flowers.

Then look upon your mother's poor seamed face and  
whitening hair:  
Remember death will claim her soon unless you have a  
care:  
And tenderly consider all she's done and borne for you.  
When it's too late you'll wish you'd been a thoughtful  
son and true.

No longer is she able thus to bear the heavy yoke.  
To care for you she's roughed it long, and surely it's no  
joke.  
Why keep her north to suffer, with the rheumatism bent,  
When the climate there would cure her, and it wouldn't  
charge a cent?



NO. 2 AND NO. 4 WHITEHALL GARDENS, LONDON, ENGLAND.

To the left, the former residence of Sir Robert Peel, the organizer of the present police system, after whom the policemen have been called "Bobbies" and "Peelers." To the right, the former residence of Disraeli.

*Picture by the Author.*







**HYDE PARK CORNER, LONDON, ENGLAND.**

To the left, the residence of the Duke of Wellington.

To the right, the residence of Baron Rothschild.

*Picture by the Author.*



## A PLEA FOR MOTHERS.

Dig up the cash, and put your dear, tired mother on the train!

Surround her with such comfort that she'll rest her weary brain.

How pleased she'll be to bid good-bye to winter's cold and sleet,

If you impress upon her that you gladly give the treat.

She'll ride around that city, see the places of their pride,  
And then she'll write you, truly, that their boomers haven't lied.

All over there's such beauty as one seldom ever sees:

Such palms! such vines! such roses! and such graceful pepper trees!

Such varied architecture! and such mansions by the scores!

With glorious bougainvillea a-blooming o'er the doors;  
The roses and the oranges, the lemons and the palm,  
More common there than thistles north—most surely this is balm

For beauty-loving, tired-out souls who seek for rest and calm.

On every side are flowers and fruit all seasons of the year;

No thunder-storms, or sleet, or hail to cause the timid fear;

## A PLEA FOR MOTHERS.

No fierce, intensive heat or cold to mar the atmosphere,  
But sunshine, clear and warm and bright, throughout  
the entire year.

Not so far from the ocean's side but that she'll feel the  
breeze,

Yet far enough to miss dense fogs which settle midst  
the trees

And orchards of the lower lands, but leave the city clear,  
To gaze into the starlit sky and feel that heaven is near.

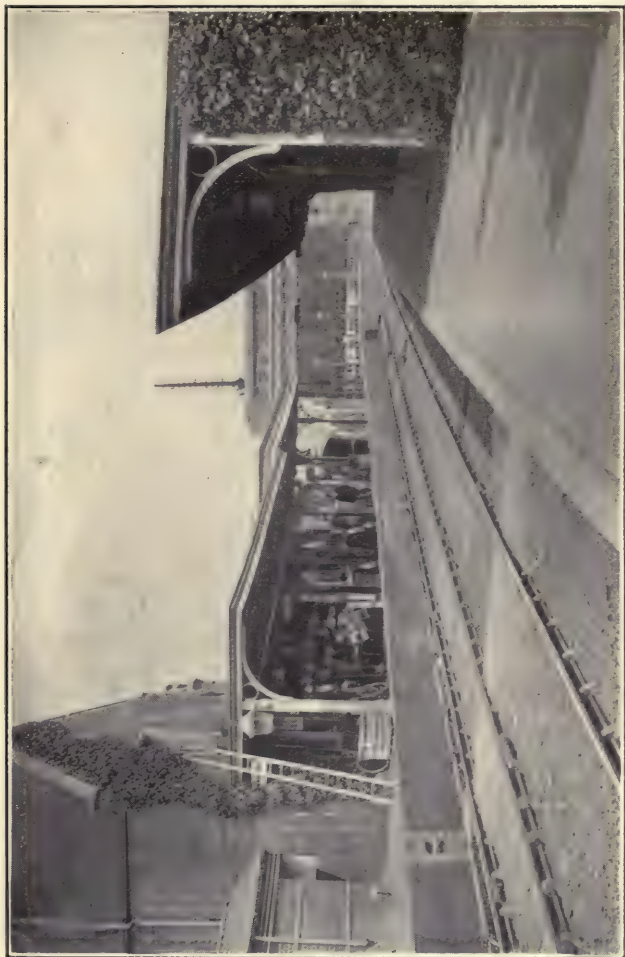
Why save up all your money, to be spent when you are  
dead

By those who'll think you but a fool? For once the  
truth is said.

Your mother's loved you all your life, and borne your  
cares and grief,

Your turn it is to love her now: the time at most is  
brief.





LYNDHURST ROAD STATION, AT ENTRANCE TO THE NEW FOREST, ENGLAND.

*Picture by the Author.*

"Admired her rural beauty everywhere throughout the land."

## LACROSSE IN THE OLD DAYS AT WINNIPEG.

I'm thinking of the good old days  
Round eighteen eighty-four,  
And of the heroes of lacrosse,  
A good full score, or more,  
Who played the game as game sports play,  
No matter what the score.  
Some treasured faces still I see  
Through memory not grown dim,  
Such as McDonald brothers three,  
Big Bob, and Duke, and Jim.  
Wild Bob, who'd fight at drop of hat;  
And Jim, who'd pitch so far;  
And Duke, the small boy's faithful friend,  
Though on the field a star;  
McCrossan Tom, the old war-horse,  
Whose shoulders felt like bricks;  
With "Jimmy" Harvey, close beside,  
So full of dodging tricks;  
McGregor, with his race-horse speed,  
A-dashing down the fields;  
With "Dolphie" Graham a-checking him,  
Or close upon his heels;

## LACROSSE IN THE OLD DAYS AT WINNIPEG.

McLain, who'd rush in anywhere,  
    With nerves like bits of steel;  
And Stow, who seemed both here and there,  
    As slippery as an eel;  
Fred Heubach, polished and refined  
    In any kind of scrap;  
Finch and McLellan, 'tween the flags,  
    Who seldom left a gap;  
Bland Tom, and "Chubby" Quigley,  
    Oscar and Dan McBean,  
With "Whitey," "Higgy," Dunlop, Young,  
    Helped on the grand old game;  
While "Ike" Pitblado, Chestnut, Flett,  
    "Tote" Campbell, Cullen, Tait,  
Helped all to swell the cheers on cheers,  
    And money at the gate.  
But there never was a fellow  
    In all the teams that played,  
Could run with "Billy" Lockhart,  
    When he started in to wade.  
The "kids" they all loved "Billy,"  
    For he hadn't any fear,  
And when he got a-going  
    He could trek it like a deer.  
You've heard of greased chain lightning  
    And of things as swift as light;  
But they couldn't touch old "Billy,"  
    If he just got started right.

## LACROSSE IN THE OLD DAYS AT WINNIPEG.

He'd run around the others  
Like a hound around a course;  
Or like a racing auto  
Round a buggy and a horse.

I wonder where you've gone to,  
Dear old friends of long ago;  
I wonder how you're reaping  
Of the seeds you used to sow;  
I wonder how you'll stand  
When the Field Captain over all  
Has sounded the last whistle,  
And has made the final call.

## SOUL-MATES

A glance of eye, a touch of hand,  
A formal word, a smile, a bow;  
'Tis over in a moment's time,  
And yet the whole world's changed somehow.  
Before—the days just wagged along  
For them as for the multitudes.  
They'd known mankind but as a throng,  
And talked in senseless platitudes.  
Their wondrous, God-like souls within  
Had never wakened into life  
Until they met—  
And soul knew soul—predestined  
To be man and wife.



It is the Author's hope that in giving the following eight pictures of Arundel Castle—one of the most beautiful and best-preserved of the famous historical castles of England—he may enable the reader to obtain a better comprehension of the grandeur of such ancient structures than he could have obtained had the author given only one or two views each of a number of castles.



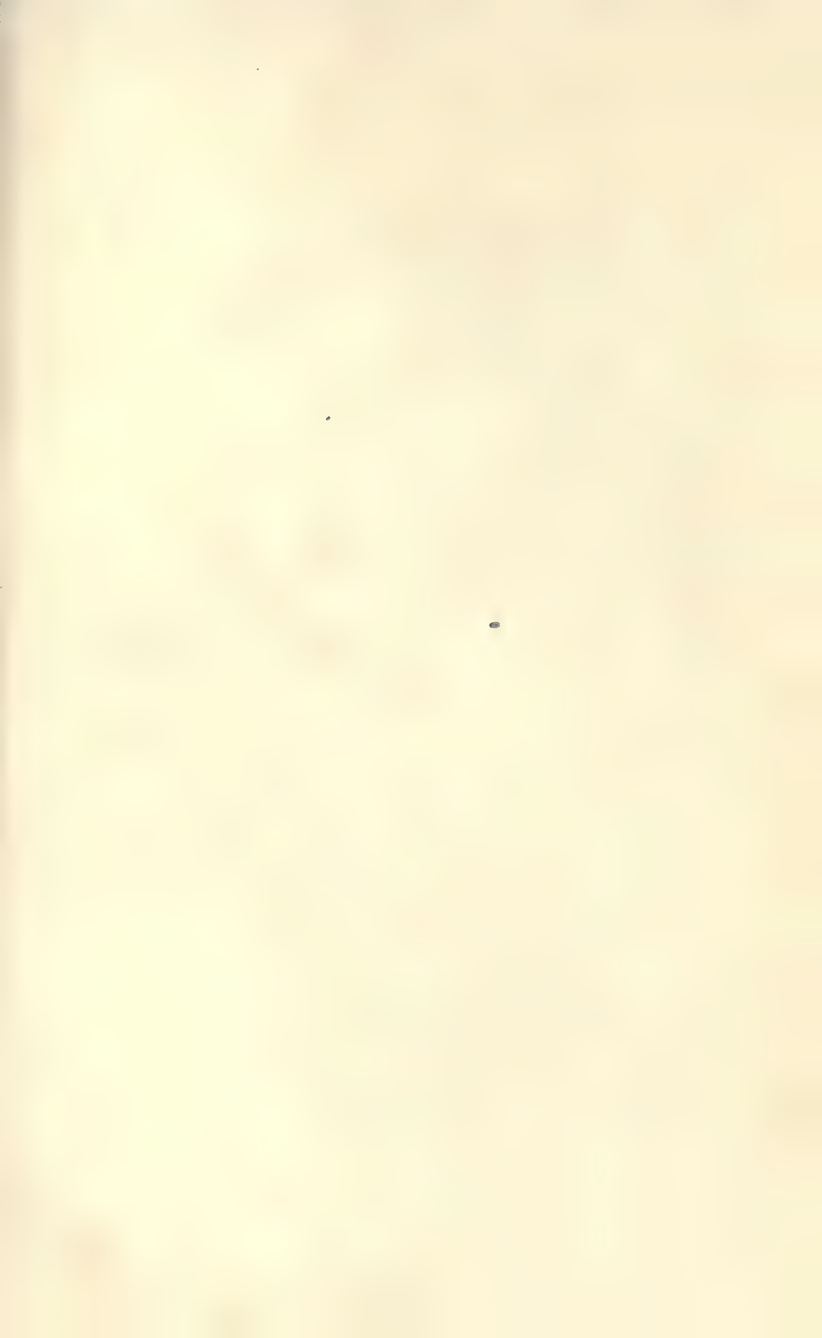


ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND, THE HOME OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

*Picture by the Author. All rights reserved.*

"I've seen her parks, delightful, and the mansions of her pride."







ENTRANCE TO INNER GROUNDS, ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND.

*Picture by the Author, by courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.*

**The Coronation of Jesus Christ.**





All doctrinal points touched upon in the poem "The Coronation of Jesus Christ" are, I believe, strictly in accord with the teachings of the Word of God. In other respects the poem is merely the expression of my imagination.

—THE AUTHOR.

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.\*

'Tis Saturday at eventide ;  
The sun is setting in the west ;  
The clouds are tinted rainbow hues ;  
The mountain tops are bathed in light.

Beside the tomb which Joseph gave  
To hold the mangled form of Him  
Who claimed to be the Son of God  
And Saviour of a fallen race,  
Strong Roman soldiers stand on guard,  
Armed in their battlefield array,  
To watch their Cæsar's sacred seal,  
That it unbroken may remain.

To slight the trust in them reposed  
They know would mean most certain death.  
Two soldiers, trusted most of all,  
Great stalwart fellows, robust, strong,  
Who stand before the sepulchre,  
One either side of the great stone,  
Have silent been throughout the watch,  
Each fully occupied with thought.  
Patroclus, noted for his skill  
At sword-play and for strength of arm ;

\* Entered at Stationers' Hall, etc.

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

And Gaius, younger far by years,  
Though close a rival in the sports,  
Thus watch together near the stone  
Which holds their Cæsar's sacred seal.

The silence, most oppressive grown,  
Is broken by the younger's voice.  
In tones suppressed, constrained, he speaks :  
" My bold Patroclus, thinkest thou  
That ought will come of what was said  
By Jesus, who here lieth dead  
Within this tomb we sealed, and guard ?  
They say He claimed He'd rise again  
When three whole days and nights had passed.  
If so, the time is drawing near  
To manifest Him, true or false.  
Didst hear, Patroclus, such report ?"

" I heard," Patroclus makes reply,  
" From one called John, in judgment hall ;  
And let me tell thee, Gaius, friend,  
I think not lightly of the word,  
Since I have seen the death of Him  
Who lieth now within this tomb.  
Think'st thou He was a common man ?  
Did e'er a common man meet death  
As we ourselves have seen Him die,  
Who uttered not one curse or cry  
Of imprecation on us all ?  
I've seen men crucified before ;  
I've seen them die in battle strife ;  
I've held them at the point of sword

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

And thrust them through in spite of mail;  
I've seen their looks of fear and hate;  
I've heard their screams and seen them quail;  
But never have I seen such peace,  
Such looks of love and sorrow mixed.

“He died not as the men I've known  
Have died; but rather like a god.  
The blows we gave Him seemed to hurt  
Not more than did our attitude.  
His loving eyes I'll ne'er forget  
Though I should live a thousand years.  
I'm not ashamed that even yet  
Mine own oft fill with bitter tears.

“Why had such man as He to die  
The death allotted thieves and slaves?  
I wonder Pilate gave consent,  
Or listened to those howling knaves.  
I glory in an equal fight  
When face to face with men well matched;  
When upward cut, and downward stroke,  
And pointed thrust make metals ring;  
But in the death of such as He  
I take no pleasure, feel but shame.

“Indeed, I hate to look upon  
These hands which drove those cursèd nails.  
Although the anguish of His soul  
Was such He scarcely seemed to know  
The added pain caused by each blow,  
He prayed that we may be forgiven.  
The thieves we crucified with Him

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Shrieked like lost souls and cursed like fiends,  
When in their hands the nails were driven;  
But when at last their bones we broke,  
One only was as at the first;  
The second seemed to see us not;  
His gaze on Jesus' face was fixed;  
A shroud of peace was o'er him laid;  
He looked forgiveness on the world,  
As had the Holy One before.

"How came he thus to be entranced  
By peace and joy in hour of death?  
I'll tell thee, Gaius, what's my thought.  
Didst hear his cry, 'Remember me,  
When to Thy kingdom Thou dost come;'  
And hear the Holy One reply:  
'This day thou'lt be in Paradise'?  
I heard that cry and the reply.  
I watched the face of Jesus then.  
I marvelled that He'd deign to hear  
The prayer of such an one as he;  
But, friend, the look that Jesus gave  
I'll carry with me to my grave.

"I hope that what He claimed is true,  
And that He will rise from the dead.  
I tell thee now, my Gaius, bold,  
That if He dies I'll fight for Him,  
If He will but forgive those blows  
And let me follow where He leads."

"Patroclus, own I willingly  
I trembled in my inmost soul

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

When near that centre cross I stood ;  
Though 'twas not what I saw I feared ;  
I felt within me that the fiends  
Had hold upon the throat of hope.  
I cannot understand my whim,  
Nor how such thought got in my mind ;  
But when I gazed upon that form  
And heard the words He uttered there—  
No curse, but simply words of prayer—  
I looked around upon that mob  
Of vicious and bloodthirsty Jews,  
And felt I'd like to nail them there,  
And take Him down and nurse His wounds.  
I cannot tell my great relief  
When orders came to break the bones,  
That He was found already dead.  
Right glad I was ; for, truth to tell,  
I hungered not for such mean sport,  
E'en had the sun been shining bright ;  
But night had come in midst of day ;  
The heavens dark ; the sun blood red ;  
And rocks were rending round my feet ;  
The earth seemed filled with agony.  
I know not what controlled my thoughts,  
But so it seemed within my soul  
That good and ill had met and fought  
Their battle to the death-throes there.  
I freely own, and feel no shame,  
There came into my heart some fear.  
If once I knew for very truth

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

This Jesus was the Son of God ;  
And He does rise from out the dead,  
And will forgive my deed as well ;  
I, too, Patroclus, faithful friend,  
Will join Him in His holy war.  
I never thought such thoughts before,  
Nor felt the way I now do feel ;  
Nor did I ever think to tell  
Such secret thoughts to human ear."

A time of silence falls between ;  
Each feels the other's soul draw near ;  
United in a purpose one,  
Each knows the other firm and true.

Again, more softly, Gaius speaks :  
" 'Three days and nights,' was what He said ;  
Three days and nights, and then He'd rise.  
When comes this evening's sunset hour,  
Three days and nights will full have passed.  
'Twas Wednesday, ere the sun was set,  
They laid His body in the grave ;  
And Pilate placed us here to watch,  
For fear they'd falsely claim He rose.  
To-day their weekly Sabbath is ;  
But Thursday was their Passover,  
When some peculiar feast they held.  
Such Jewish rites I've studied not ;  
Canst tell for what they sacrifice?"

Patroclus knits his brow in thought,  
As gravely thus he makes reply :

Matthew 12: 40. Luke 24: 7. Matthew 27: 63.



## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

“ I understand they once were slaves  
In bondage to Egyptian rule.  
Hard worked and sore oppressed they were,  
’Till Moses, their deliverer,  
Appeared before King Pharaoh’s throne  
And ordered that they be released.  
The king was filled with bitter scorn,  
And marvelled at his insolence ;  
But Moses, not one whit dismayed,  
Made constant prayer unto his God ;  
And He, in answer to those prayers,  
Turned Egypt’s waters into blood ;  
And sent fierce hail, and frogs, and lice,  
And densest darkness o’er the earth,  
Until King Pharaoh begged him cease,  
And promised to release the slaves.

“ But when the plagues were all withdrawn,  
He would not let the people go,  
But hardened still his heart the more,  
Until there came the final stroke.  
Each Jew was told to kill a lamb  
And sprinkle blood upon his door.  
That night the angel Death drew nigh.  
The first-born died in every home,  
Except the homes where blood was spilt.  
And now each year, the day before  
They celebrate the Passover,  
They kill the lamb and sprinkle blood,  
In memory of that awful night.



## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

The day before the Passover  
Is called the preparation day.  
A high day is the Passover.

“Last Wednesday was the day before  
The mid-week Sabbath Passover;  
And on that preparation day  
The lamb was slain, with Jewish rites.  
On Wednesday, too, as we did see,  
The blood of Jesus Christ was shed—  
On that, their preparation day.

“John Baptist, who such furore caused  
Some years ago on Jordan’s bank,  
Said Jesus was the Lamb of God,  
Who’d take away the world’s dark sin.  
’Twould seem He was the Lamb of God,  
And shed His blood as John foretold.  
’Twas fitting day for them to slay  
This kindest man that ever lived;  
But strange to me it doth appear,  
That day they chose of all the year.  
Three days and nights, is what He said;  
Three days and nights, and then He’d rise.  
Three days and nights have almost passed  
Since He was laid within this tomb.  
Within an hour we’ll know the truth  
Or falsity of all His claims.

John 19: 14-18, 31. Luke 23: 53-56.

Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson and many other prominent scholars and Bible students hold that there were *two Sabbaths* in the Crucifixion week—Thursday the Passover Sabbath, and Saturday the weekly Sabbath.

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

I tremble, for I feel that He  
Could not have spoken what was false."  
So, filled with hope, and filled with fear,  
They restless stand before the tomb  
And as the moments fly apace  
They glance more often at the stone.

None ever said Patroclus feared  
To face the strongest foe in fight;  
But now the blood has left his face,  
He stands like statue, marble white.

Once more does Gaius turn toward  
The stone which fills the tomb approach;  
Then gasps, and cries aloud in fear:

"Look! look, Patroclus! look! ye gods!  
Am I but dreaming, going mad,  
Or does that stone move silently?  
Now! Now I see a form beside!  
A brilliant form in shining white,  
Whose brightness makes mine eyes to burn!  
Speak! Speak, Patroclus! Is it real?"

Patroclus quickly glances round,  
Then grasps young Gaius by the arm;  
Face downward to the earth they fall,  
And lay in silent fear and dread;  
While angel form in dazzling white  
Rolls back the stone and on it sits.  
No word he speaks; no blow he strikes;  
Yet all the soldiers of the guard,  
Who loud had scoffed at thought of fear,  
Sink quickly, speechless, terrified.

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

They lay at first as stricken dead,  
Filled with a superstitious dread,  
Without one thought of truth divine;  
'Till, finding that they still can move,  
They rise and hasten from the place  
To tell the wondrous tale abroad,  
And beg that mercy may be shown,  
Since 'twas not man who broke the seal.  
Patroclus bold and Gaius true  
Have now no thought of Cæsar's seal,  
Nor care they for their Cæsar's wrath.  
They know they crucified the Lord.  
Their hearts are broken by the thought.  
They know not that the One divine,  
Who steps in silence from the tomb,  
In wondrous glory, might, and power,  
Looks down in love upon them there;  
As lying close beside His feet  
They shield their eyes in mortal fear.

Before the open, empty grave,  
In majesty and peace sublime,  
Stands Jesus Christ, the Lord of Life,  
And looks about Him on the scene.  
From vanquished sin and tasted death,  
He, single-handed, victor comes,  
Though He has fought the powers of hell,  
Combined to cause His overthrow.

Alone, unaided but by love  
And sympathy, in anguish hour,

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Filled with the Holy Spirit's power,  
He, in the form disgraced by man,  
Has lived a perfect, spotless life  
Above the power and lure of sin,  
Though tempted more than other men,  
By sin without and flesh within.

Throughout the lifetime of the Christ  
In mortal flesh upon this earth,  
Existence of eternal good  
Depended on His act and word.

God's glory, most ineffable,  
The source of all creation's light,  
Which purest angels ne'er behold,  
Would suddenly have ceased to be,  
Had Jesus sinned in thought or word.

Had Jesus once betrayed His trust,  
Or listened to the tempter's voice,  
All good had gone, all light had flown,  
The universe known light no more;  
Dense darkness of the pit had come  
Like that beyond creation's realm  
Which no star's ray can penetrate,  
And filled the very throne of God;  
All hope and holiness had gone;  
All love had turned to bitter hate;  
All strength for good been used for ill;  
All joy had been but mockery;  
All wisdom had but sought revenge;  
All beings would have turned to sin,  
Without a Saviour or a God.

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

One sin in Jesus would have meant  
The loss of God's own character ;  
All good would thus have been dethroned  
And evil would have reigned supreme.

No day so glad has ever been  
In all the history of life ;  
In life of man, or life of earth,  
In life of angel, or of heaven,  
In life of the Eternal God  
Who age abiding always was,  
As this, the Coronation day  
Of Jesus Christ as King of kings.

Why waits He still beside the tomb ?  
What looks He for, this Prince divine,  
Who doth with wondrous glory shine ;  
With marks of thornprints on His brow,  
With scars in hands and feet and side ;  
This Prince who was the Lamb, once slain,  
Who poured His soul out unto death,  
And bore man's sicknesses and sins ?

Why doth He not to glory fly  
And seated be at God's right hand ?  
Why stays He thus beside the tomb ?

The untold millions who before  
His coming to the earth in flesh  
Had faith in Him as One to come  
And save them from eternal doom,  
He now has brought from centre parts  
Of earth, where Paradise has been,  
Of which He now holds all the keys,

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

That none of His shall e'er again  
Be captive in captivity.  
These untold millions, souls redeemed,  
Unseen by eyes of sinful men,  
Except the few in bodies raised  
Who by His word to men appear,  
Are waiting now, with rapture filled,  
Surrounded by the hosts of God,  
All eager for the final word  
To start them on their flight to heaven.  
Expectant heralds ready are  
To sound the message near and far.

What waits He for, now death is passed?  
His face, though battered, torn, and bruised,  
More marred than face of any man,  
Is to the ransomed sinners there  
The fairest face, without compare.

His features shine as on the mount;  
Unspeakable the joy expressed.

He knows the church, the church of God,  
Which He has purchased with His blood,  
Is safe, because He died the death,  
And sealed the covenant of grace.

This covenant is not between  
The Father God and any man;  
But in the wisdom of our God,  
Between the Father and the Son.  
The Father's promise was to Him,  
If He as man would conquer sin;  
As God in man, upon the cross



## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Pour out His soul e'en unto death;  
Bear all man's sicknesses and sins;  
As God, pay all demands that law  
Can bring against the human race;  
That then, as God and source of life,  
As Judge Supreme, high over all,  
He, the Eternal Father, true,  
Would deal in grace with all mankind,  
Who would that grace through Christ receive,  
Believing in their hearts His Word,  
Confessing Him their Saviour Lord,  
And save them by His grace and power  
From sin and all its penalties,  
From Satan and his evil hosts.

Upon the cross, before He died,  
The Son unto the Father spoke;  
"It is finished," He loudly cried,  
And then He yielded up the ghost.  
By Adam's sin in Paradise  
Man subject unto death became;  
Save Enoch who with God did walk,  
And he who slew the priests of Baal.  
The second Adam now has brought  
Man's immortality to light,  
Illuminates the grave with hope,  
And far removes from death its sting.

However, 'till He comes again,  
In wondrous glory, might, and power,  
To reign in person o'er the earth,  
With saints who to Him faithful are,

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Throughout the blest millennium,  
When Satan will be bound in chains,  
When lamb and lion together lie,  
When holiness to God shall mark  
The harnesses on horses' backs,  
When all the earth shall know the Lord,  
When knowledge of Him fills the lands  
As water now fills up the seas,  
When man an infant still shall be  
Until one hundred years of age,  
When men will sin though Satan's bound,  
And prove that flesh a failure is,  
When deserts blossom like the rose,  
When child shall play on hole of asp,  
When swords to ploughshares beaten are  
And nought shall make mankind afraid,  
When one pure language all shall speak,  
At end of time to church truth given,  
When He has claimed His bride from heaven,  
Will death still hold his demon power  
To strike to death man's mortal frame;  
For, last of all to be o'ercome  
Of enemies of Christ the Lord  
Is death, which Christ will sure destroy,  
When comes the time He knoweth best.  
Still Jesus waits beside the tomb,  
Though destined King of universe.

Acts 1: 11. Rev. 19: 7-20; 20: 1-4. Jer. 31: 34. Zech. 14: 9, 16-21.

Isa. 65: 20; 26: 10; 11: 6-9; 35: 1-10; 41: 18-20; 2: 2-4.

1 Cor. 15: 24-28.



## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Twelve legion angels ready are  
To strike the joyous notes of praise,  
And such a heavenly anthem raise  
As never since the fall of man  
Has sounded on the golden shore.  
A word He speaks, and angels two  
Take up their watch beside the tomb.

The heralds of the mighty hosts  
The trumpets to their lips have placed  
To sound the welcome message forth.

But still He waits! this Prince of life,  
For whom all heaven is watching now;  
And e'en the Father on His throne  
Is longing to embrace His own,  
Proclaim Him victor over sin,  
The Saviour of the human race  
And of the character of God;  
And seat Him at His own right hand  
For evermore to reign with Him  
As the eternal King of kings.

But still He waits! this God in man,  
By whose own word the world was formed,  
And all stars sweep their orbits round;  
Though multitudes from every sphere,  
And heaven, and God, await His move.

Such scene as this was ne'er before  
Beheld by e'en the eyes of God;  
For Christ the Lord but once has died,  
But once has risen from the dead.

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

The greatest day for God and Son,  
And greatest for the universe,  
Has come—the Coronation Day  
Of Jesus Christ, the King of heaven.

From spheres more numerous than men,  
Of solar systems far beyond  
The utmost reach of human thought,  
From every habitated spot  
Throughout the void by men called space,  
From every race of beings known  
To God throughout the universe,  
By numbers no man's mind can count  
Of God-created sinless ones,  
Has come a legion regal robed  
And full bejewelled delegates—  
Each legion clothed most gorgeously  
In finest raiment of their sphere,  
While ropes of scintillating gems  
About their necks and waists appear.

The coronation route to heaven  
Is thronged around on every side  
By those who glory in the Lamb  
Once dead, now risen, glorified;  
By those who'll follow in His train  
When He has passed, 'till heaven's reached;  
Their knees to bow in loyalty  
And swear eternal fealty  
To Him when Heaven has crowned Him King.  
This Prince of Peace, so soon to be

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Crowned King of all the universe,  
Still waits in patience at the tomb!

Close to Him untold millions are  
Of souls of men by Him redeemed;  
While just in front, and filled with love  
For Him, above all else they know,  
Are full twelve legion choicest ones  
Of all the bodyguard of heaven.  
The entire route from earth to throne—  
Due north it lies from earthly sphere—  
Is lined by loving subjects from  
Each place where God has planted life,  
To cry "Hosanna to our God!  
Hosanna to the Lamb once slain!  
Hosanna to the Prince of life!  
Hosanna to the King of heaven!"

At last the waiting time is o'er!  
The cause of the delay is known.  
A broken-hearted sinner comes,  
Whose eyes are blinded with her tears.  
"Where hast thou laid my Lord?" she said.  
"Mary," the word was spoken low.  
She looked, amazed, at first in fear;  
Then when assured that it was He  
She made to clasp His holy feet  
And tell her thankfulness and love;  
But with the deepest tenderness  
He bade her call unto her mind  
The Jewish sacrificial law,

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST

Which law by Him must be fulfilled,  
Since He is now High Priest of all  
Who live by faith and call Him Lord.

The priest when sacrifice was made  
Dared touch no man or thing unclean,  
Until the blood on altar shed  
Was sprinkled on the mercy-seat  
In holiest of holy place,  
Else death had been the penalty.

So now, until the blood He shed,  
Which He had poured from His own veins  
Upon the altar of the cross,  
Is by Him sprinkled up in heaven  
Before the mercy-seat of God,  
Who, in the holiest place of all  
The universe, is waiting now  
For Him to show His sacrifice  
As High Priest for the sons of men,  
And claim the covenant of grace  
Now signed and sealed with His own blood,  
Fulfilled, completed on His part,  
He must be touched by none of earth.  
To Mary now He gently speaks:

“Tell My disciples I have gone  
Before them into Galilee;  
Tell this to Peter specially.”

The message, fraught with Christ's own love,  
The length, the breadth, the depth, the height  
Of which beyond all knowledge is,

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

So thrills the listening multitudes  
And Mary unto whom 'tis given,  
Their hearts are filled with ecstasy;  
They magnify the Lord of heaven.  
'Tis not to John, most faithful one,  
Who leaned upon His loving breast,  
This special message now is sent;  
But unto him who boasted loud  
Of what he'd do in danger's hour,  
But who, when time of testing came,  
Had proved himself an arrant coward,  
A weakling and unworthy friend,  
Who, with emphatic curse and vile,  
Denied he even knew the Lord;  
Though Christ's companion he had been  
When He had fed the multitudes,  
When He had healed all sicknesses,  
When He had cast the demons out,  
When He had healed the lepers ten,  
When He had made the blind to see,  
When He had calmed rough Galilee,  
When He had walked upon the waves,  
When He had raised the dead to life,  
And showed His glory on the mount.

To Peter is the message sent,  
Who warmed himself beside the fire  
And there proclaimed himself a liar;  
Who would not speak one word for Him  
Who was his best and truest friend.

Mark 16: 7.

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

That He might to this faithless friend,  
A broken-hearted backslider,  
Send but a word of tender love  
And also comfort Mary's heart,  
Christ thus has waited at the tomb  
From sunset hour to early dawn;  
Though God and countless multitudes  
Of hosts of heaven and souls redeemed,  
Of sinless ones from every sphere,  
Have waiting been to crown Him King  
Of heaven and earth and universe.

. . . . .

The heralds shout the orders given  
By highest angels of them all;  
By Michael first, then Gabriel,  
And swift the mighty pageant moves.

The signal call to heaven sent  
Announces that the moment's come:

“Lift up your heads, ye gates,  
ye gates!

Be lifted up, ye doors,  
ye doors!

Ye everlasting doors of heaven,  
Be lifted up, be opened wide!  
The King of glory shall come in!”

Psalm 24: 7-10.

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

This sound goes forth through atmosphere  
And ether space, by force of God  
Unknown to minds of mortal men,  
So swiftly that the answer comes  
Like echo borne upon the wind.

From herald unto herald sounds  
The wondrous cry to gates of heaven;  
And then comes back the glad reply:

“Who is this King, this wondrous King,  
The King of glory who shall come?”

With speed a thousand times as great  
As that attained by flashing light,  
The Christ and His unnumbered hosts  
Arise from earth and go due north  
Along the highway of their God,  
The empty space of which Job spake  
In Word inspired by Holy Ghost.

They go toward the central spot  
Of all the wondrous void called space,  
Round which creation doth revolve;  
That central place where dwells our God,  
Of which He is Himself the light;  
The place where Jesus will prepare  
The mansions for His loved ones' homes;  
Where now is God's majestic throne.

The “empty place.”—Job 26: 7.

“I will be like the most High” . . . “sit in the sides of the north.”  
—Isa. 14: 14, 13.



## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Again the heralds of the hosts  
Advancing on the gates of heaven  
Send forth the glad, triumphant cry:

“Lift up your heads, ye gates,  
ye gates!  
Be lifted up, ye doors,  
ye doors!  
Ye everlasting doors of heaven,  
Be lifted up, be opened wide!  
The King of glory shall come in!”

Then clearly sounds high heaven's reply:

“Who is this King, this wondrous King,  
The King of glory who shall come?”

The millions saved and happy souls,  
Together with the hosts of heaven  
And beings of all ranks and powers  
Who serve the universal King  
In solar systems known to earth,  
And millions others greater far—  
In voids of space so far removed  
A lifetime could not serve to think  
The distance of the space between  
Which separates them from the earth,  
Break into joyous songs of praise  
And singing of celestial hymns.

Each has a voice of glorious tone  
Such as no mortal throat has known;



## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

And the unnumbered chorus sings  
Of Jesus, Babe of Bethlehem,  
Of Jesus, working miracles,  
Of Jesus, overcoming sin,  
Of Jesus, dying on the cross,  
Of Jesus, laying down His life  
And taking up that life again;  
Of Jesus, leading captives free  
From out their long captivity;  
Of Jesus, overcoming death,  
Of Jesus, speaking words of love,  
Of Jesus, blessing little babes,  
Of Jesus' crowning, King of kings.  
But only could the blood-washed throng  
Join in the grand redemption song,  
And praise the Lamb who in their stead  
Has met the full demands of law,  
Borne in His body on the tree  
Their sins and their iniquity,  
And loved them with redeeming love  
And washed them in His precious blood.

The third time heralds of the hosts  
Advancing on the gates of heaven  
Send forth the glad, prophetic cry :

“Lift up your heads, ye gates,  
ye gates!  
Be lifted up, ye doors,  
ye doors!

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Ye everlasting doors of heaven,  
Be lifted up, be opened wide!  
The King of glory shall come in!"

Again the glad refrain is heard  
From heaven's gates all opened wide:

"Who is this King, this wondrous King,  
The King of glory who shall come?"

And now the great advancing host,  
Augmented all along the route  
By countless millions who have come  
To join this coronation song,  
Unite as one and make reply:

"He is the strong and mighty Lord;  
The Lord He is in battle strong;  
The King of glory, Lord of hosts;  
This is the King who shall come in."

. . . . .

Through gates of heaven open wide,  
Through gates of pearl, up streets of gold,  
Beside life's waters, crystal clear,  
They come unto the throne of God.  
The hosts arrived, with hosts in heaven,  
Ten thousand times ten thousand, sing,

## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Joined by the thousands, thousands more,  
This glorious anthem to their King:

“ Blessing and honour, glory, power,  
To Him that sitteth on the throne  
And to the Lamb who once was slain;  
For ever and for evermore.”

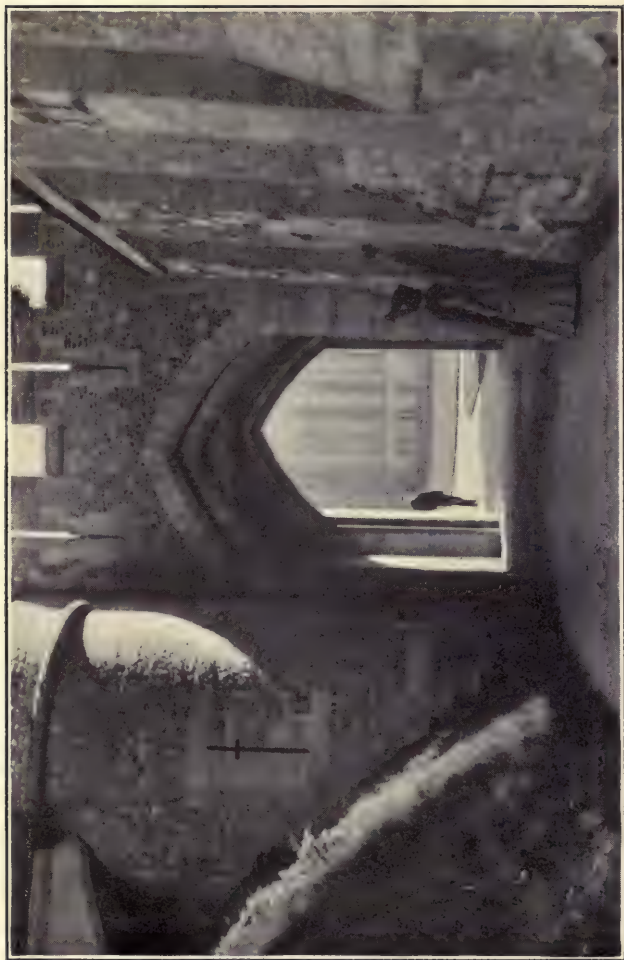
Now silence falls upon the throng;  
The Father God speaks to His Son,  
The Christ, once Babe of Bethlehem,  
The Christ, who washed disciples' feet,  
The Christ, whose brow was crowned with thorns,  
The Christ, from whose dear face cruel hands  
E'en dared to pluck by roots the hair;  
The Christ, rejected, crucified;  
To Him the Father God now speaks,  
He who of life the Author is.  
As harpers harping on their harps,  
As voice of waters, thunder great,  
So speaks God's voice from out the throne;  
Creation trembles at His Word:

“ Thy throne, O God, for ever is;  
Thy sceptre is of righteousness;  
Thou, Lord, in the beginning laid  
Foundations of the earth and heavens.

Hebrews 1: 1-13.

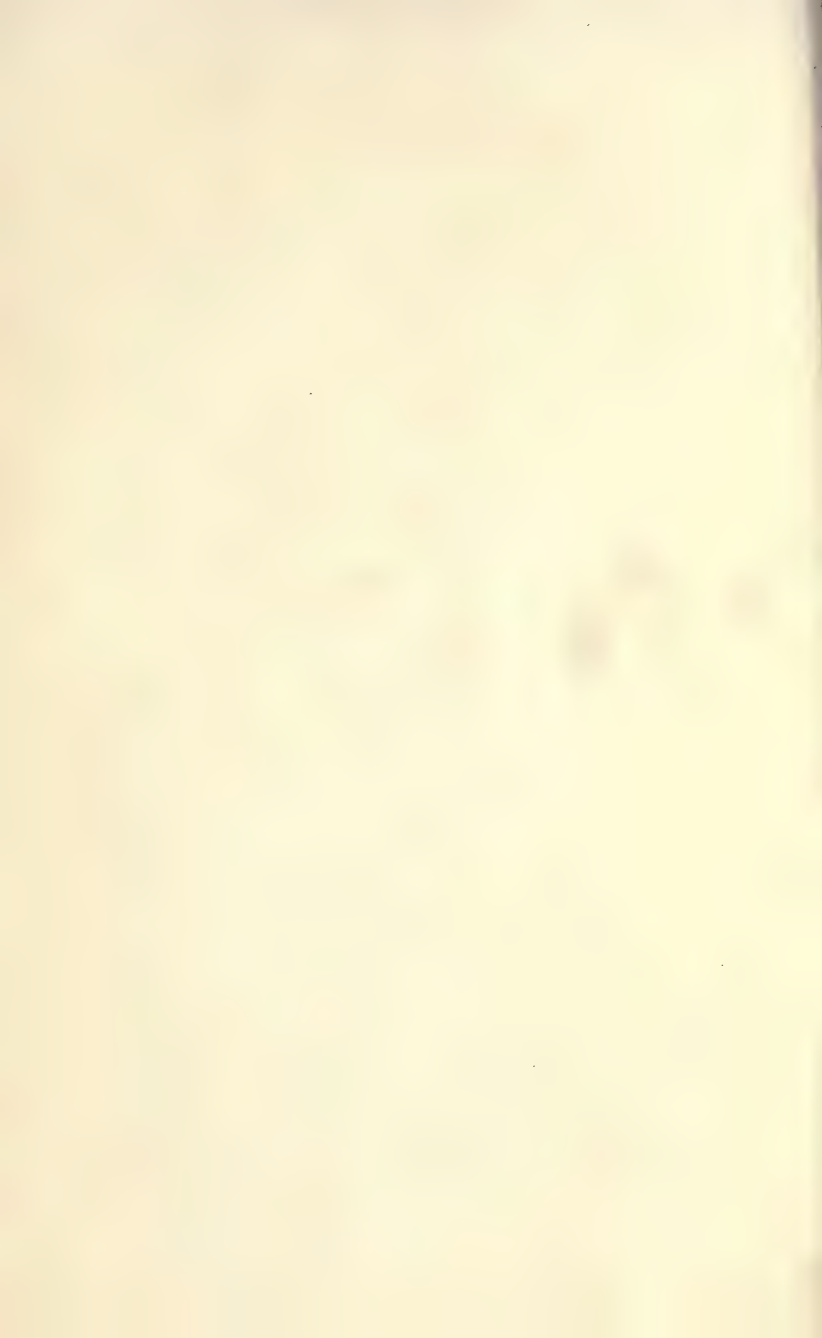
## THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Let all Mine angels worship Him  
Whose word of power upholdeth all.  
The brightness of My glory He;  
My Person in Him manifest.  
The heavens and the earth wax old;  
As vestures Thou shalt fold them up;  
But Thou the same shalt ever be,  
Thy years shall never, never fail.  
Thou art My Son; I Thee begot.  
I HAVE ANOINTED THEE WITH OIL.  
SIT THOU UPON MINE OWN RIGHT HAND.  
THINE ENEMIES THY FOOTSTOOL BE."



ENTRANCE TO THE QUADRANGLE. ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND.

*Picture by the Author, by courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.*







THE KEEP, FROM THE QUADRANGLE, ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND.

*Picture by the Author, by courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.*



ANSWER TO RUDYARD KIPLING'S  
"FEMALE OF THE SPECIES."\*

WHEN the earth emerged from chaos, full of beauty and  
of grace,  
Man, ordained to be its ruler, God appointed to his  
place;  
Then the wise and kind Creator, knowing man was  
incomplete,  
Formed the purest of all species, woman, for the man's  
helpmeet.

When the wily Serpent tempted, and both man and  
woman fell;  
When the sword of justice threatened, and they faced an  
endless hell;  
Not to man was promise given, seed to bruise the Ser-  
pent's head:  
Through the female of the species came man's hope,  
when hope was dead.

Ever down succeeding ages, shown by history of our  
world,  
When the power of sin has triumphed, sorrow's banner's  
been unfurled;

\* Published in the *Kansas City Star*, under *nom de plume*.

ANSWER TO KIPLING'S "FEMALE OF THE SPECIES."

Man has fought and man has butchered : women's hands  
men's wounds have dressed :  
For the female of the species with love's tenderness is  
blessed.

When the hate of men is kindled, 'till like fiends, with  
pity dead,  
Robbed of natural affections, they o'er earth foul murder  
spread ;  
Then the Nightingales and Bartons, filled with tender-  
ness, appear :  
For the female of the species in man's hour of need is  
near.

'Twas the female of the species who sore travailed at our  
birth.

'Twas the female of the species gave the Saviour to our  
earth.

'Tis the mother, gentle, tender, whom we love 'till dying  
breath.

'Tis the mother of our species who is faithful unto death.





THE FORMER TILTING GROUNDS, ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND.

*Picture by the Author, by courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.*

"I've stood upon her tilting grounds, oft thronged when knights were bold."

## TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.\*

THEY tell me, Whitcomb Riley, that thou'lt never sing  
again,  
Because thy good old faithful hand no more can guide  
thy pen:  
The Master's touch, so keen, so true, so gracious, kind,  
and free,  
Thou hast not lost, James Whitcomb, friend; that touch  
remains with thee.

As well predict Niagara shall still its ceaseless roar,  
Or that the restless, ebbing tides shall wash the shores  
no more,  
As to predict thy wondrous soul expression shall not  
give  
To thoughts of love and tenderness, as long as thou shalt  
live.

Thy song is like the song of larks; 'twill stronger,  
sweeter grow,  
As earth and earthly things recede. Life's greatest  
truths thou'lt know.  
Thy soul's so full of music sweet that thou forsooth must  
sing  
Thy songs, which bless humanity and glorify thy King.

\* Published in *The Advance*, under *nom de plume*.

## MUSINGS OF A SCALLAWAG<sup>d</sup> EDITOR.

I do it! I do it! and who shall dare  
To harm me for doing a thing so fair?  
I am wealthy and strong: I make war on the weak:  
My one only care is the money I seek.  
I'm a rank scandal-monger; I admit it with pride:  
I've quibbled and blustered, misrepresented and lied.  
I uphold anything, be it evil or good,  
If my palms are well greased; but I'm misunderstood.  
I pose as a saint, but my soul is the Devil's.  
My actions are quaint; my maliciousness revels.  
By suggestions I make, I tease and annoy;  
By advice which I give, I hurt and destroy.  
An article here, and I open up strife;  
A paragraph there, and I've ruined a life.  
I sit and I leer, while I chuckle and grin,  
For within my lost soul is a banquet of sin.  
I know I am hated, and loathed, and despised  
By the good and the bad; yet I'm never surprised  
When the churches invite me the chairman to be  
At meeting, or lecture, or social, or tea.  
The people applaud at the sound of my voice;  
Yet well do I know that they all would rejoice  
If they knew I was dead, and laid out in my grave;  
For I'm just what they think me—an outrageous knave.  
My thoughts are as vile as the fiend of the pit;  
Yet I simper and smile; in society flit.  
I'm a curse to the old: to the young I'm a snare.

## MUSINGS OF A SCALLAWAG EDITOR.

I'm like a wild beast licking blood in its lair.  
If there's really a God, and really a hell,  
It's all up with me, I know very well;  
For I'm sowing the wind, and the whirlwind I'll reap:  
'Gainst my soul in the judgment, damnation I heap.  
My heart is so hard that I cannot repent:  
Like Esau, my birthright for pottage I've spent.  
But I don't want to think what the judgment will bring:  
I'm nearing the brink, but I'm having my fling.  
If there isn't a hell, there sure ought to be,  
In which to put vicious, mean devils like me:  
But the reaping's not yet; so why should I fret?  
The hell of the future I'll try to forget.  
The freedom of press I make freedom of hate,  
To blackmail, or ruin, if cash comes too late.  
The people who pay I exalt to the skies;  
The people who won't I attack with my lies.  
But my papers sell well, so why should I care?  
I can live as I like; I'm as free as the air;  
I have plenty to eat and plenty to wear.  
Unprincipled judges cringe low on the bench;  
For they know if they don't that I'll give them a wrench.  
I advertise quacks, and the public is gulled:  
I print a few facts, and the same public's lulled.  
I prate of "Our Empire," and talk of "the Flag":  
The fact is, however, I don't care a rag  
Whatever becomes of the Empire or State;  
So long as I'm paid for electing the "slate."  
I do it! I do it! and who shall dare  
To harm me for doing a thing so fair?



## DON'T.

IF you should see a brother man a-looking down and  
sad,

All out at elbows, knees and toes, as though he'd never  
had

A decent suit or pair of shoes in all his poor lone life,  
Don't sneer and give him glances that'll cut him like a  
knife.

There are plenty other fellows that'll do that soon  
enough,

Who'll never even stop to think, it's pretty all-fired  
tough

To have to wear such tattered rags, and not get food  
enough

To satisfy the cravings of a healthy appetite,  
And have no shelter from the cold throughout the live-  
long night.

It may be he alone's to blame, but possibly he's not.

It may be that he's lazy, or most probably a sot;

But since he has the soul of man, his sufferings are keen,  
And those who stoop to sneer at him are brutal, caddish,  
mean.

When walking by a pretty lake, don't look for worms  
and snails,

But waters blue, and fleecy clouds, green hills, and lovely  
dales.





THE LIBRARY, ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND.

*Picture by the Author, by courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.*







THE BANQUETING HALL, ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND.

*Picture by the Author, by courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.*

## DON'T.

To always see the former is no proof that you are keen,  
But rather proves conclusively your soul is sordid, lean.  
Don't look for flaws and failings, or you'll find them  
everywhere;

You know that even in yourself are plenty and to spare.  
The skies are filled with many clouds, and e'en the sun  
has spots.

You scarce can find a sheet of white, but on it are some  
blots.

Don't think it's smart to hurt the feelings of a fellow  
man;

God knows we all have pain enough; relieve it when you  
can.

Don't wait until your mother's dead to send your gift of  
flowers:

Send frequently remembrances to cheer declining hours.  
Don't smile upon the people whom you simply chance to  
meet,

Continuing throughout the day most wonderfully sweet;  
Then, when you shut your own front door at night, act  
like a bear,

And make your wife unhappy, who should have your  
tenderest care.

Don't growl about the ocean waves because they toss  
and roll:

This earth would be a graveyard if stagnation o'er them  
stole.

Don't fret because it's raining just when you're on  
pleasure bent:

A thousand fields are thirsty, and for them the rain is  
sent.

## MARRIAGE REFLECTIONS.

This earth is full of sin and sorrow, trouble, care, and  
pain:  
It needs our love and cheerfulness; our duty's clear and  
plain.  
Soft answers, deeds of kindness, happy smiles, and warm  
handshakes  
Will cheer the faint to victory, and ease the heart that  
aches.  
Don't take the word of any man against the Word of  
God!  
The time is coming, brother, when we'll lie beneath the  
sod.  
We cannot lose by trusting Christ, who claims the power  
to save;  
And if He's true, we'll all things gain, and life beyond  
the grave.

---

## MARRIAGE REFLECTIONS.

I WOULD say upon reflection  
None should wait to wed perfection:  
Just be sure 'tis love that binds you  
To the woman, or the man.  
In your choice for life be careful,  
And above all else be prayerful:  
Then, all you possibly can do  
Is, do the best you can.

## MOTHER'S CARE FOR BABY.

MOTHER's tender care for baby :  
What a theme for any pen !  
There is far more in the subject  
Than at first appears to men.  
E'en a poet cannot picture  
All the beauties to be seen ;  
So that you may sweet thoughts gather,  
Look yourself upon the scene.  
In the daytime, in the darkness,  
In the early morning light,  
Still the one thought ever foremost,  
" Wonder if the babe's all right ?"  
If the darling hurts her finger,  
Mother quickly hears the cry,  
Stops her work and speaks to baby,  
Kisses finger, dries the eye ;  
And the little one, now happy,  
Goes again about her play ;  
But the scene is oft repeated  
Many times in every day.

---

## TROUBLE KNOCKERS.

LITTLE words of kindness,  
Little deeds of right,  
Knock our daily troubles  
Higher than a kite.

## HE'D NEVER PURCHASED MINING STOCK BEFORE.

HE heard the tales with wonder ;  
His heart throbbed with delight :  
Oh, why had they not told him this before !  
He felt himself an Aladdin ;  
The future all was bright :  
He saw his needs supplied forever more.  
He figured in the millions,  
While he walked as on the air,  
When several stocks he'd bought began to soar.  
He dreamed sweet dreams of affluence,  
Without one thought of care.  
*He'd never purchased mining stock before.*

He knew that the promoters  
Were men whom he could trust ;  
They gave him glimpses of their treasure store :  
And when they urged upon him  
To invest, he simply must :  
They let him in upon the basement floor.  
They told him of the rivers  
That were carpeted with gold,  
Of veins and ledges filled with wondrous ore.  
He fondly still imagined that  
The half had not been told—  
*He'd never purchased mining stock before.*





**THE BISHOP'S ROCK, NEWQUAY, CORNWALL, ENGLAND.**

*From the water-color painting by G. A. McCrossan. All rights reserved.*

## HE'D NEVER PURCHASED MINING STOCK BEFORE.

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G.A. De Haven







**BEVIS TOWER, ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND.**

*Picture by the Author, by courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.*

## HE'D NEVER PURCHASED MINING STOCK BEFORE.

They loaded him with "Jo Jo,"  
    "Out West," and "Grizzly Bear";  
(Check after check he from his bank book tore)  
    With "Goldfield," "Cobalt," "Tonopah,"  
    "Alaskan Big Hot Air";  
Vast wealth was simply pounding at his door!  
    The streams were filled with nuggets  
    That were every grade and size—  
Like pebbles, scattered all along the shore.  
    With grim determination he  
    Set out to win the prize.  
*He'd never purchased mining stock before.*

Economy was henceforth  
    A nightmare of the past;  
The wasted years he sadly did deplore.  
    In lordly style his little pile  
    Was dissipated fast.  
He laughed, for there was always plenty more.  
    Why save a paltry dollar  
    When his income was assured,  
And dividends would soon be his galore?  
    But finally the moment came  
    When he was quickly cured.  
*He'd never purchased mining stock before.*

He grumbled some when dividends  
    Were slow in coming round.  
The bill collectors proved an awful bore.

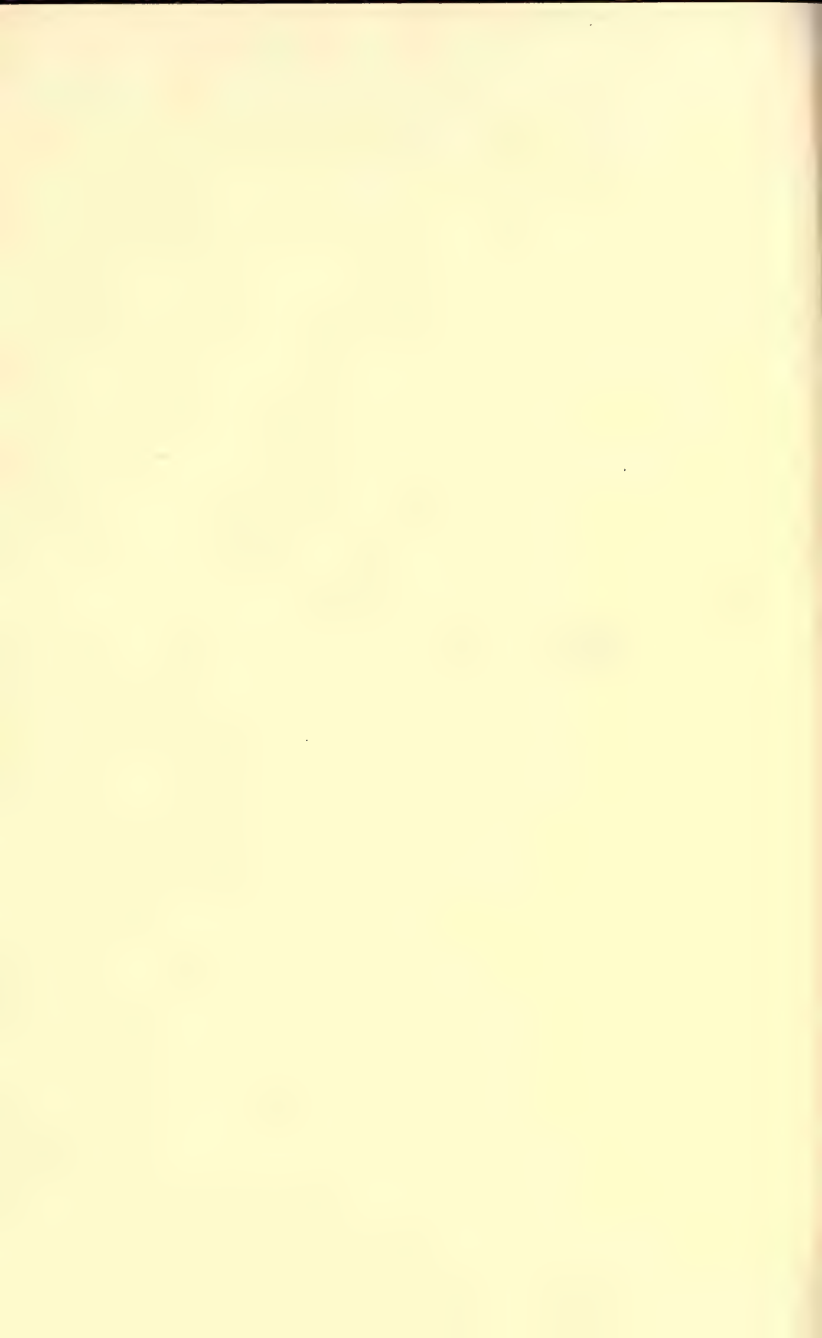
HE'D NEVER PURCHASED MINING STOCK BEFORE.

At last, went to investigate  
The marvellous rich ground.  
He'd never even thought of that before.  
He found the mines as pictured,  
But the gold was very shy—  
More modest than the maiden you adore.  
He looked around in wonderment,  
With dazed, bewildered eye.  
*He'd never purchased mining stock before.*

From one mine to another  
He rushed in fearsome dread,  
Afraid he'd find things rotten to the core;  
And when he saw that this was so,  
His heart seemed turned to lead.  
Did ever live such foolish man before?  
His dreams of wealth had faded  
As the darkness fades in light:  
He looked on life as in the days of yore.  
His faith was badly shattered  
In a certain class that night.  
*He'd never purchased mining stock before.*



**Heart Songs of the Christian Life.**



# Heart Songs of the Christian Life

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## EXPERIENCE.

I TRIED to satisfy in sin the cravings of my heart.  
I failed. I came unclean to Him: He bade me, "Come  
apart."

He showed me mercy's open door, and helped me enter  
in.

I saw the precious fountain flow which cleanses from all  
sin.

A prodigal Christ found me, far away and feeding  
swine.

He did not curse nor chide me, but revealed His love  
divine.

Astounding and abounding is the grace of God that  
saves!

It rolls in billows ever like unceasing ocean waves!

The blood of Jesus! Oh, how sweet to know 'twas shed  
for me!

He in my place the ransom paid—His life—on Calvary.  
My Jesus, Lord, to Thee I give myself for evermore,  
And always, to my latest breath, Thy name I will adore.

## ASSURANCE.

MY life is so uncertain, and the things I count most  
sure  
Are always, ever changing, for they simply can't endure:  
The only things I know unchanged since childhood's  
early days  
Are love, and peace, and mercy, through the Saviour  
whom I praise.

I cannot trust in science, for it's changing every hour;  
Nor in the new theology, which lacks both truth and  
power.  
In olden days the preachers had anointing from above,  
And proved their calling by their power, their helpful-  
ness, and love.

Since all is so capricious in the natural course of things,  
The best of friendships fail us, and our riches take them  
wings,  
How can we know, without a doubt, what positive will  
be,  
Away beyond the gloomy grave, in the eternity?

There's only One who e'er returned to tell to poor lost  
men  
Just what's beyond the grave and how to get to God  
again.  
All others guess and speculate, but leave us in the  
gloom:  
They cannot give one ray of hope to lighten up the tomb.

## ASSURANCE.

And so I trust in Jesus, Prince of Peace and King of  
light,  
Who rose from death triumphant, and dispelled the  
world's dark night.  
He only knows the Father's heart, who dwells in glory  
bright:  
The God of love, whose mercy is the source of His  
delight.

Can I be lost, who only on the Word of Jesus rest,  
Though sin I may, and full a legion demons fill my  
breast?  
Will He who's ever faithful been to Abraham, the Jew,  
Through all the trying ages, break His promise now,  
think you?

Think'st thou I fear those legions, though they come in  
fiendish might,  
And blight my life, and turn my brightest day to darkest  
night?  
Hast thou not heard how demons cried, "We know Thee,  
who Thou art,  
Thou Son of God," when Jesus bid them quickly to  
depart?

The One I trust is He who stilled the waves of Galilee,  
And cast a legion demons out to set one prisoner free.  
Though oft I sin, though tempted sore, I trust in Him  
alone—  
His grace, His love, His faith, His power, His blood,  
which doth atone.

## ASSURANCE.

Will He who cleansed the lepers vile, and saved the  
dying thief,  
Refuse to hear my broken cry, or spurn me in my grief?  
"Remember me," was all the thief had confidence to say,  
"Thou'lt be with Me in Paradise," said Christ, "this  
very day."

He heard that cry 'midst death-throes of eternal agony.  
Then will He not in glory hear the prayers of all like  
me?  
Confessing with my mouth my Lord, believing in my  
heart  
That God hath raised Him from the dead, I feel my sin  
depart.

The mercy of the Lord our God is broader than all space.  
He'll hear my prayer, no matter when the time nor  
where the place.  
Though darkness covers all the earth, and hidden seems  
His face,  
I rest in His unchanging love and in His wondrous  
grace.

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and  
shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the  
dead, thou shalt be saved."—Rom. 10: 9.

"I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels,  
nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to  
come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able  
to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our  
Lord."—Rom. 8: 38, 39.

## CHRIST, OUR SUBSTITUTE.

Written in conjunction with the late Pastor Alexander Grant, of Winnipeg, now in the glory-land. "He being dead, yet speaketh."—The Author.

No judgment o'er my head;  
No sin to call it down:  
The Substitute, my sin was made:  
His soul knew God's fierce frown.  
He bore my sins upon the tree.  
Now, in the Substitute, I'm free!

He murmured not. He bore  
With joy each heavy stroke.  
He paid His people's vast arrears.  
He broke His people's yoke.  
He bore my sins upon the tree.  
Now, in the Substitute, I'm free!

My soul, be filled with joy!  
My tongue, lift up thy song!  
Count earth and earthly things a toy!  
New joys to thee belong!  
He bore my sins upon the tree.  
Now, in the Substitute, I'm free!

## IN CHRIST.

Joys that no angel knows:  
No worldling cares to know:  
From this unfailing fount there flows  
A sweet for every woe.  
He bore my sins upon the tree.  
Now, in the Substitute, I'm free!

Since life in Him I have,  
The future is secure.  
Christ from my soul no power can move!  
No joy my heart allure!  
He bore my sins upon the tree.  
Now, in the Substitute, I'm free!

"For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."—  
2 Cor. 5: 21.

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## IN CHRIST.

"NEARER, my God, to Thee;"  
Nearer? How can I be?  
If I'm in Jesus Christ,  
I am as near as He.

"He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit."—1 Cor. 6: 17.



## SUNDAY NIGHT PRAYER FOR GOD'S MINISTER.

REST Thy weary child, my Father ;  
Rest him now, I pray.  
By Thy gracious presence cheer him  
At this close of day.

For Thy glory he's been working,  
Telling of Thy love.  
Now, I pray Thee, speak unto him  
From Thy throne above.

May his messages delivered  
Come with grace and power  
Back to him who them hath spoken,  
Resting him this hour.

May sweet sleep attend his eyelids,  
Thy peace fill his heart.  
Help him roll his burden on Thee,  
Hear Thy "Come apart."

May his last thoughts be of Jesus.  
Teach him how to rest !  
Let him sweetly, simply trusting,  
Lean upon Thy breast.

"Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—Jas. 5 : 20.

"He that winneth souls is wise."—Pr. 11 : 30.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan. 12 : 3.

## THE MINISTRY OF SUFFERING.

“The mills of God grind slowly,” true,  
But they grind by the hand of love:  
For the Saviour who gave His life for you  
Is the One who says what the mills must do:  
And He in His purpose is ever true,  
As He plans for us there above.

“The mills of God grind slowly,” true,  
But think not they grind in vain:  
Though Satan, the enemy of your soul,  
Does into your life much anguish roll,  
Think thou of the heaven that is thy goal—  
Of the land where there is no pain.

“The mills of God grind slowly,” true,  
But they grind for the good of man.  
They grind, that God may His own Word keep!  
They grind, though the Saviour who loves must weep!  
They grind, but our God is not asleep!  
Since they grind to fulfil His plan.

## A SERVANT OF THE LORD'S BLESSING.

"The mills of God grind slowly," true,  
In your life as well as mine:  
But hasten the grind, with surrendered will  
To the Spirit of God, who then will fill  
Your soul and body with joyous thrill  
Of His peace and His love divine.

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. 4: 17.

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## A SERVANT OF THE LORD'S BLESSING.

God bless you, friends!  
For me, a servant of the Lord,  
Thou hast provided rest:  
And now I pray our blessed Lord  
May give thee of His best.  
O God, protect and ever guide  
These dear, kind friends, so true;  
And strew their paths, and fill their lives,  
With blessings ever new.

## CONSECRATION.

I LAY all upon Thine altar :  
Never will I fear nor falter :  
Thy sweet will I would not alter :  
Blessed, blessed Lord !

What have I to do with crying ?  
What have I to do with sighing ?  
To my own will I am dying :  
Blessed, blessed Lord !

In Thy secret place I'm dwelling :  
In my heart Thy joys are swelling :  
Help me as Thy love I'm telling :  
Blessed, blessed Lord !

By Thy gracious love constraining,  
Keep me, Lord, from all complaining :  
Thou wilt soon on earth be reigning :  
Blessed, blessed Lord !

Nothing ever can us sever :  
Thou wilt leave me, never, never !  
I am Thine, and Thine forever :  
Blessed, blessed Lord !

## MY BIBLE.

MY bookmark marks the place  
Where last I read  
Thy precious words, my Bible;  
And by thy words of truth and life  
My poor, tired soul  
Has drawn much closer to the Christ  
Of whom thy blessed words have spoken.  
To thee, O Book of Truth,  
I came, a weary soul condemned;  
But to the cross of Jesus  
Thou hast pointed me; and at that cross  
I now find pardon, peace, and rest.  
Continue thou, O Lamp of God,  
To shine upon the path of human life  
Made dark with sin;  
And shining, show the way to Him  
Who died and rose again in all  
The might and glory of celestial power:  
And do thou, by thy truth and light divine,  
Bring us to Him who doth in glory shine,  
That we may cast our trophies at  
His piercèd feet, and crown Him  
The eternal King of kings.

## FAITH BETTER THAN FEELING.

I HEARD the preachers telling of Jesus' love divine :  
I tried to pray, and tried to hope eternal life was mine :  
And thus I kept on hoping and fearing every day,  
'Till Jesus entered fully in and took my fears away.

I more than hope in Jesus, for now I know He's mine.  
My lamps which once were dying, praise God, now  
    brightly shine.

I once was ruled by feeling, but now I trust His Word ;  
I care no longer how I feel, but read, "Thus saith the  
    Lord."

---

## I NEED THY GRACE.

I NEED Thy grace, dear Saviour, to keep me from all sin,  
I need Thy loving favor to ever dwell within.  
Temptations round me gather, and press upon me sore.  
I need Thy strength, dear Father ; Thy help I do  
    implore !

I wish to ever please Thee, and so to live each day  
That when temptations press me, I'll watch, and praise,  
    and pray ;  
For then I know Thou'lt fill me, Thou blessed, holy  
    One ;  
I know Thou'lt ever keep me until my race is run.

## JESUS KNOWS ALL, BROTHER.

LITTLE we know of the trouble and care;  
Little we know of the pain and despair;  
Little we know of the anguish and sin;  
Little we know of the heart pangs within.

But Jesus knows all, brother. Tell Him thy story!  
He, King of kings, left His throne up in glory,  
Died on the cross to atone for thy sin:  
Open thy heart! Bid the Saviour come in.

Little we know of the vile tempter's power;  
Little we know of the struggles each hour;  
Little we know of temptations to sell  
Manhood and honor, but Jesus knows well.

Little we know, by the words and the smiles,  
How oft the heart bleeds, how bitter the trials;  
Little we know of the oft hidden tear;  
Speak words of tenderness! speak words of cheer!

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if *any* man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."—Rev. 3:20.

## THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

WHEN temptation comes o'er us, so sudden, so strong,  
That it overcomes us in spite of our prayer,  
Our Saviour, who's watching, and knows of our failure,  
So graciously, lovingly waits for the tear;  
Then He tenderly speaks to the heart full of sorrow:  
"This failure will make thee the victor to-morrow;  
Thy sin be forgiven thee; be of good cheer."

Though a long time it takes us to learn the deep need  
Of perfect surrender each moment to God,  
We still, through the aid of the blest Holy Spirit,  
Will learn it in patience, though oft by the rod.  
Dear Lord Jesus, we pray Thee to give us the grace  
In hours of temptation to look in Thy face,  
And e'en in the fiercest trials Thy name to laud.

---

## REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD.

MY sins all on Jesus were laid,  
My debt on the cross Jesus paid,  
Of death I'm no longer afraid,  
My soul is now filled with His love.



### THE BELIEVER'S COMFORT.

I've more than a hope. He is mine!  
Praise God, I've assurance divine!  
His peace fills my soul all the time—  
Sweet peace, the rich gift of His love.

For every poor sinner Christ died!  
“My Father, forgive them!” He cried.  
The blood dripping down from His side  
Sufficiently proved His great love.

---

### THE BELIEVER'S COMFORT.

HEART that is sick with sorrow,  
Heart that for love doth crave,  
Look up to Jesus bleeding there!  
He died thy soul to save.

How well the Saviour knoweth  
The sorrows in thy breast.  
Bring Him thy burden, weary one,  
And He will give thee rest.

Pillow thy head upon Him!  
Rest on His mighty arm!  
He'll never leave nor fail thee,  
He'll keep thee safe from harm.

### THE BELIEVER'S CONFIDENCE.

Shadows may creep around thee,  
Satan may tempt thee sore;  
Still He is ever near thee,  
Trust Him for evermore!

When in the land of glory  
We see the Saviour's face,  
How we shall sing of His great love  
And of His wondrous grace!

---

### THE BELIEVER'S CONFIDENCE.

NOTHING is too hard for Jesus!  
Shout the tidings all around!  
Quickly spread the joyful message,  
Where'er mortal man is found!

Nothing is too hard for Jesus!  
He the roughest road has trod.  
He will aid me in my trials,  
He will lead me up to God.

Nothing is too hard for Jesus!  
Tempted one, and sorely tried,  
Sin and Satan cannot conquer  
If you will in Him abide.

## THE BELIEVER'S HOPE.

JESUS is coming! sweet is the strain:  
I love to sing it again and again:  
Coming in glory on clouds of the skies.  
Glory to Jesus! the dead shall arise!

Soon He is coming! the Lamb that was slain:  
Sing it, believer, again and again!  
Coming in glory, a wondrous surprise.  
Glory to Jesus! the dead shall arise!

Jesus is coming! blest be His name:  
Send forth the message again and again!  
Coming in glory, the Christ once despised.  
Glory to Jesus! the dead shall arise!

---

## THE BELIEVER'S MORNING PRAYER.

OPEN mine eyes that I may see  
Wonderful beauties now in Thee.  
Open my lips that I may sing  
For Thee, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

### THE BELIEVER'S EVENING PRAYER.

Open mine ears that I may hear  
Thine own sweet voice, to me so dear.  
Open my heart and enter in ;  
Cleanse me, dear Lord, from every sin.

Open Thy Word, and to me show  
Thy gracious truth, that I may grow  
Into thy fulness, day by day.  
Thoroughly cleanse me, dear Lord, I pray.

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### THE BELIEVER'S EVENING PRAYER.

WAIT I for Thine evening blessing,  
Gracious Father, God of love :  
Sin and sorrow, so depressing,  
Now, Lord, from my heart remove.

As the sun sets, and the darkness  
Overspreads the earth with gloom,  
I am happy that Thy glory  
Ever fills my heavenly home.

If the night of death o'ertakes me  
Ere I see the morning light,  
Trusting sweetly in the Saviour,  
I to Thee will take my flight.

### THE BELIEVER'S ETERNAL HOME.

Through the darkness I would hide me  
In the arms of Christ, my Lord.  
Nothing evil can betide me  
Since I rest upon Thy Word.

When at last my life is ended,  
Time for me shall be no more,  
May my voice, with angels' blended,  
Praise Thee on that golden shore.

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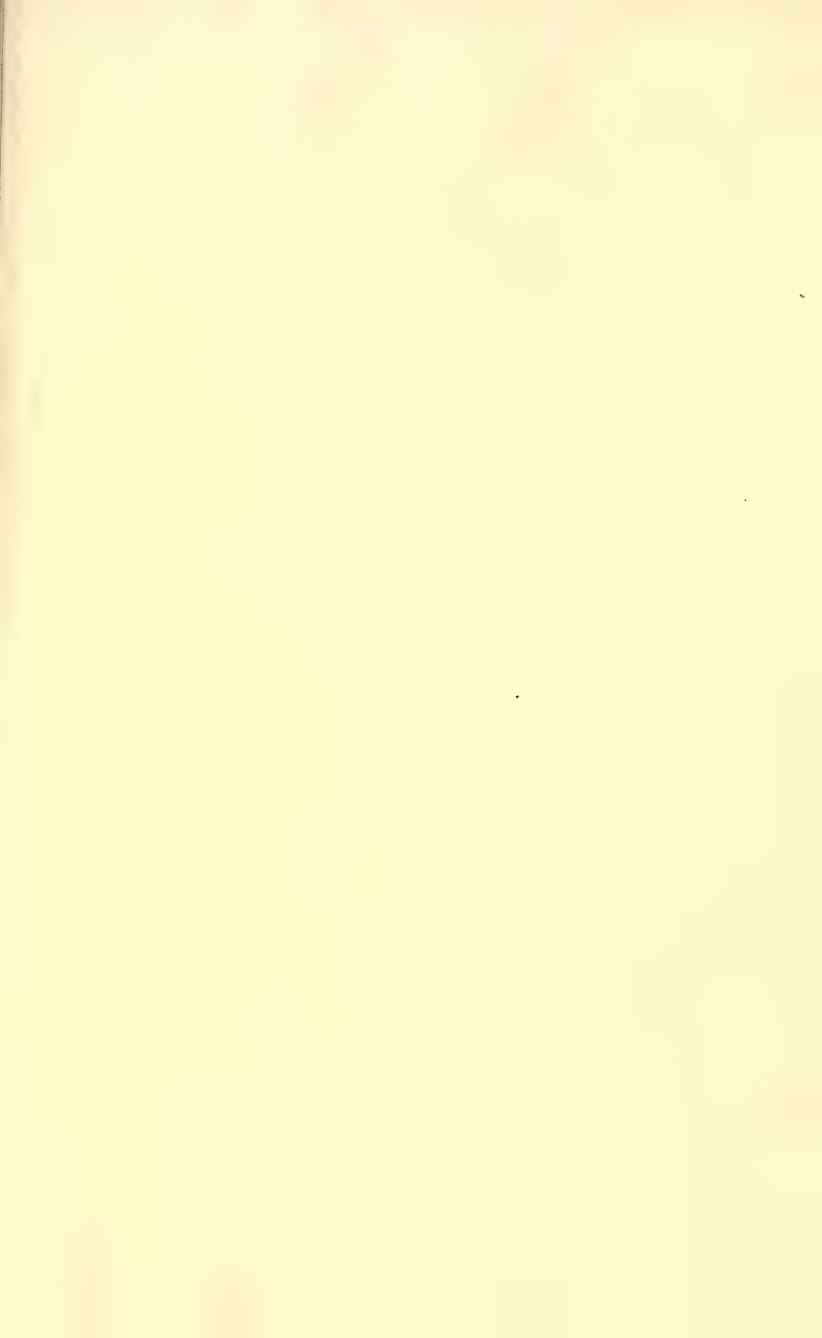
### THE BELIEVER'S ETERNAL HOME.

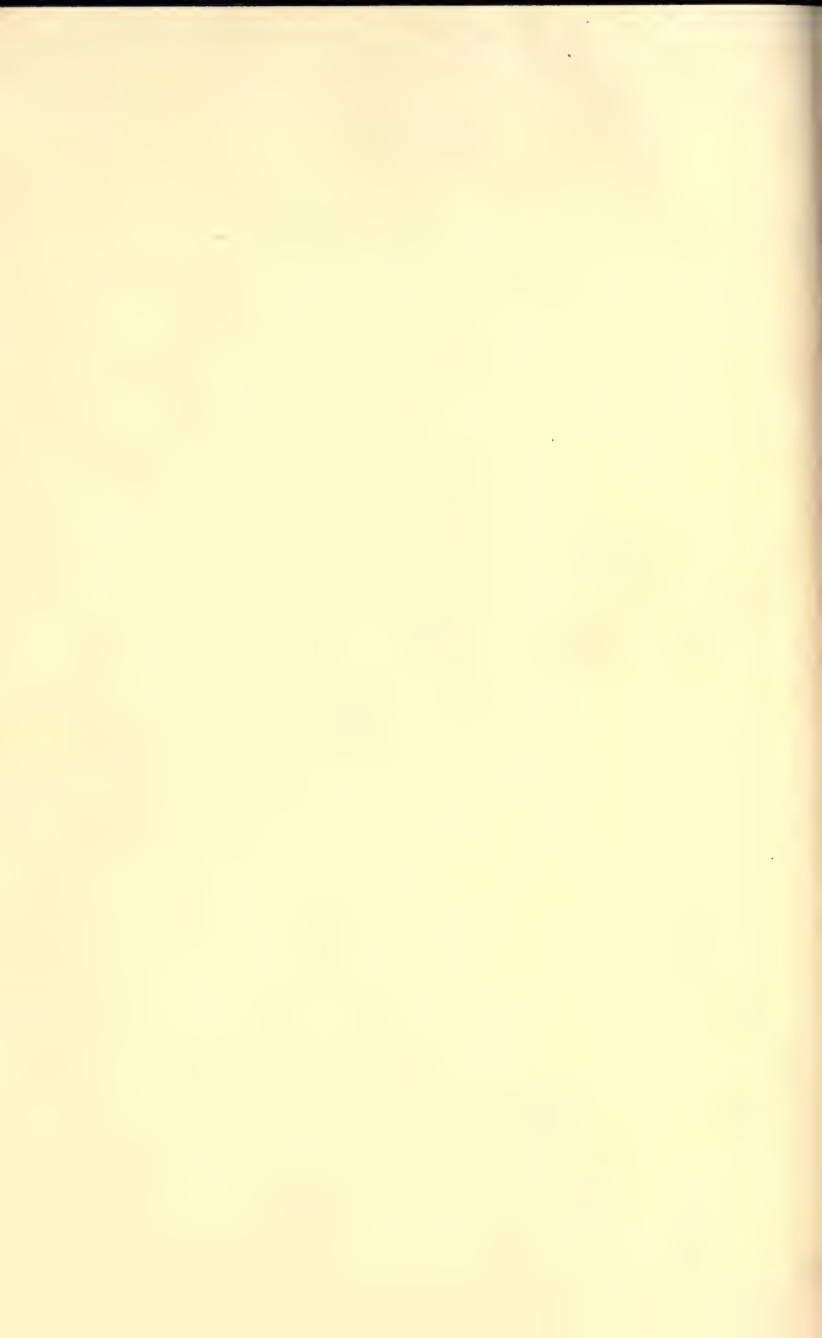
SOON we'll see the pearly gates,  
Soon we'll walk the golden street;  
There for us the Saviour waits,  
Soon the dear ones we shall meet.

Sorrow's tears will be no more,  
Sickness there can never come.  
Glory fills that golden shore—  
Blessèd and eternal home!

All our broken hearts will mend  
When we see the Saviour's face.  
Sweetest voices there will blend,  
Praising His redeeming grace.













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